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FIDELIS
John Waldie

THE

LETTERS

OF A

SOLITARY WANDERER:

CONTAINING

NARRATIVES

OF

VARIOUS DESCRIPTION.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
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LETTERS, &c.

YOU have by this time received my laſt long hiſtory; and I venture to believe, feel an intereſt in the fate of its relator: that which he created in me, was, I own, ſo lively, that I ſhould have been uneaſy had I been under circumſtances that would have prevented my taking an active part in his ſervice, and that of his lovely miſtreſs.

The morning after he finiſhed the narrative I ſent you, I propoſed to Sommerfeldt to go with me to Hanover, where we could more conveniently conſider what ought to be done, and from whence he might open, through my means, a more immediate communication with England.

To this propoſal Sommerfeldt joyfully conſented. I made only one condition with him, which was, that of not being thanked, and of being made to feel that I put a perpetual tax on his gratitude. In fact, if I find him, on more intimate acquaintance, as deſerving as I now believe him to be, he will have conferred an obligation on me, by giving me an opportunity of employing, in the ſervice of unfortunate merit, money and time which I might otherwiſe waſte in the languor of apathy, or in a vain attempt to loſe the pain of diſappointed hope in the tumult of diſſipation. Some conſideration, ſome conſultation with myſelf, was, however, neceſſary, before I could decide on what it would be beſt to do for my new friend; to aſcertain the actual ſituation of his Gertrude, and to enable them to meet again in ſafety, was the moſt immediate object. I thought of the various means by which this could be accompliſhed: many of my plans, on examination, ſeemed

ed to be too doubtful. At length I reſolved to go to England immediately, and either obtain leave for Sommerfeldt to return thither, or conduct his wife to him, and place them in ſome retreat in Switzerland. There is but little knight-errantry in all this; for what have I to do which will be productive of more happineſs?

It was only yeſterday I determined finally on purſuing this meaſure. Sommerfeldt was prohibited, by our convention, from any thing more than an aſſent. But I made one condition with him—that he ſhould forbear to take any of the means he had propoſed againſt Altdorf, ſhould he meet with him during my abſence. He conſented, though with viſible reluctance; but in order to prevent the poſſibility, or at leaſt, the probability of this, I requeſted that he would wait for me at Altona.

To-morrow, therefore, your often-reproved, yet unreclaimably romantic friend,

begins his journey from this place to Hamburgh; and you will probably hear of me no more till you ſee me. If, however, this letter ſhould reach you in London, write to the ports where the pacquets uſually put in, and give me a chance of knowing where I may find you, on my reviſiting once more the queen of iſles; which you have ſo often accuſed me of not worſhipping with ſufficient reverence!

Till we meet, farewell!

LETTER II.

Weſtley Hurſt*, *April* 10.

ONCE again I write to you from my native place, which I ſo little thought, a few years ſince, that I ſhould ever reviſit—

Sento l'aura mia antica: e i dolci colli
Veggio apparir l'onde 'l bel lume *nacque*
Chi tenne gli orchj. miei, mentr'al ciel piaque,
Bramoſi, e lieti; or gli tien triſte, e molli

O caduche ſperanze, O penſier folli!

I have had my mind ſo occupied lately with Gertrude and Sommerfeldt; I have felt ſo much ſolicitude for their happineſs, and ſuch a reſource againſt the tedium

* This is ſuppoſed to have been written many months after the preceding letter.

of life, in having contributed to it, that now, when the uncertainty is over; when I have ſeen them reſtored to competence, and ſettled in that country where it was once my wiſh to end my own days, I ſink into torpor; yet God knows there is, on all ſides of me, miſery enough, in the alleviation of which I might empoly my time and my fortune. But where ſhall I find perſons who can excite in my heart an intereſt ſo lively as to ſuſpend, for ſome months at leaſt, that ſenſe of dreary vacuity which has for many years rendered my life rather a burthen I was to exert myſelf to bear, than an exiſtence I was to enjoy? If I was compelled to be occupied it might not be thus. I often feel the pains and penalties of being that unoccupied biped called a gentleman. "If ever you are a father," ſaid mine to me, "bring your ſons up to do ſomething, and teach your daughters to be rational." You will think, (for I know nobody who, with leſs reaſon, has ſo

thorough,

thorough, though concealed a contempt for female intellect,) you will think that it is by no means ſo eaſy to do the latter as the former. "Women to be rational! ridiculous!" you have often ſaid. "The utmoſt that can be hoped is to teach them docility, and how to ornament their perſons; and, when they are married, to take care of their children; and know as much as will enable them to enter articles in the houſekeeper's account-book—

"To ſuckle fools and chronicle ſmall-beer."

I do not, in general, find myſelf diſpoſed to controvert the truth of this hypotheſis of yours: yet there are women—and Gertrude is, I think, one of them—who would make you bluſh that you ever entertained it.

This ſiſter, too, of hers, of whom I have heard a good deal, yet not half enough—I cannot but believe *ſhe* is another ſtrong exception. Gertrude, however relieved from all the embarraſſing circum-

circumſtances of her own ſituation, and ſeeing herſelf in competence and ſafety with the man ſhe loves, feels her happineſs embittered by perpetual ſolicitude about her ſiſter. Before we parted, ſhe aſked me to make what enquiries were in my power, when the object of thoſe enquiries is ſo remote as in Ireland. I am more than half tempted to paſs ſome of the enſuing months in viſiting a country I have never ſeen, and renewing a perſonal intercourſe with ſome friends there, for whom I have a particular affection; while the third purpoſe, (the hope of making an acquaintance with the ſiſter of Gertrude,) has, perhaps, as much weight as theſe united motives.

To obtain a truce from your raillery, and your remonſtrances, I will now fulfil my promiſe ſo long ſince given, and tell you the ſequel of Sommerfeldt's hiſtory, which the uneaſy ſtate of your mind, when we laſt met, did not ſuffer you to liſten to.

I begin

I begin my narrative from the time when, after parting with Sommerfeldt, I came to England; for ſo far you heard from me in our ſhort interview. You know that, in conſequence of the difficulties I found in obtaining revocation of the order which had ſeparated Sommerfeldt and his wife, I took her with me, three months ſince, to rejoin him at Altona, where he waited for us. The meeting I will not attempt to deſcribe. Life has nothing to beſtow of equal value to the affection of ſuch a woman as Gertrude. It was merely the apprehenſive dread of Sommerfeldt that gave him the idea of Altdorf having taken an inclination to his wife. Altdorf was incapable of being affected by the excellencies of her mind and heart: her perſonal beauty, momentarily diminiſhed by anguiſh of mind, happened not to ſtrike him, or it is not eaſy to ſay of what exceſſes againſt his brother's domeſtic comfort this unprin-

cipled man might have been capable; for Gertrude, alive only to her affection for Sommerfeldt, had, at her return through London, hazarded ſeeing him, in the vain hope of awakening him to a ſenſe of fraternal duty, or, at leaſt, the duties of humanity. Gertrude related the ſcene that paſſed. He received her in a manner which expreſſed a mixture of wonder at her coming, and careleſs inhumanity as to his brother. His curioſity was, for a moment, excited, but his callous heart nothing could ſoften; and the remonſtrances of Gertrude, dignified yet ſevere, made not the leaſt impreſſion: he affected ſtill to talk of the political principles of his brother as the cauſe why, forgetting in ſuperior duties the ties of blood, he had thought it incumbent on him to act as he did. He hardly, however, took the trouble to aſſign this reaſon at length; and knowing that Gertrude was without remedy, contrived, with very

very little ceremony, to let her underſtand that Sommerfeldt, always raſh and ungovernable in his temper, might account himſelf fortunate that his life had been ſpared, which had, in Germany, been more than once forfeited to the injured laws. He then ſneeringly remarked, how happy the young man was, amid all his indiſcretions, in poſſeſſing the attachment of ſo fair and ſo prudent a young lady: Gertrude, overcome by the fatigue ſhe had undergone, and the inſults ſhe had thus fruitleſsly made herſelf ſubject to, burſt into tears, and left the houſe, while repenting of the experiment ſhe had made, ſhe was convinced of its inefficacy.

In aſſiſting this admirable and extraordinary young woman, I have ſeen characters which, perhaps, I might not otherwiſe have met with. On my arrival in town, I tried my intereſt with ſome official men, with whom I had a ſlight ac-

quaintance, hoping to obtain by their means, the revocation of the order that had compelled Sommerfeldt to leave England; but the cold formality with which I was received, the invidious doubts they expreſſed, whether I had not been deceived in the views and character of the foreigner for whom I was intereſted, and the plates of iron which ſeemed to invelope their hearts, ſoon determined me rather to adopt any other plan than one which ſhould oblige me to owe favour to ſuch men as theſe.

I had not then ſeen the object that might reconcile Sommerfeldt to baniſhment even in Siberia; but, having made every attempt that was at all likely to ſucceed, and having even received ſome frigid promiſes from thoſe who thought themſelves obliged to ſay ſomething, I ſet out for the cottage where, in the immediate neighbourhood of her father, Gertrude reſided.

It

It was you know in the month of February, and the road was not only obſcure among enclofures and hollow rocky ways, but was in many places made through ſo deep a bed of clay, that I diſmounted to relieve my horſe, and did not arrive at the habitation I was to viſit till evening was cloſing. It was only a ſaſhed cottage with a little court before it, ſituated among riſing grounds, covered for the moſt part with coppices and woods. I had light enough to ſee that there was a ſtable not far from it, but to reach it, I muſt have have waded through a ſort of farm-yard; I therefore led my horſe to the little wicket of the court: I was afraid of alarming the inhabitants of this inſulated houſe, and the more ſo, when looking through one of the front windows, I ſaw a young woman whom I concluded to be Gertrude, ſitting in a melancholy poſture before the fire; as I perceived no way of getting to the kitchen, I tapped ſoftly at the door: I heard her

ſpeak

ſpeak to ſomebody, and then a maid ſervant without opening the door, enquired who deſired admittance? I anſwered, that it was one who had lately ſeen Mr. Somerfeldt, and was charged with a commiſſion from him. Gertrude heard diſtinctly what was ſaid, and ſtarting up appeared at the door; yet when ſhe ſaw me, mingled hopes and apprehenſions thronged upon her mind, and ſo far overcame her, that ſhe could not ſpeak, but returning into the room ſhe had quitted, faintly aſked me to walk in and ſit down. I ſoon diſſipated the fears which had at firſt aſſailed her, and ſhe then expreſſed her gratitude for the pains I had taken, and for my friendſhip to her huſband, in a manner to which it is impoſſible to do juſtice; nor could any terms I can find, convey an idea of the animated beauty of her countenance, or the varied and enchanting expreſſion it aſſumed, as I related to her my interview with Somerfeldt,

con-

concealing however, as well as I could, all thoſe circumſtances which I thought might raiſe her apprehenſion. It was late before I had finiſhed my little narrative, and its concluſion where I ſpoke of my unſucceſsful efforts to obtain leave for Somerfeldt's return deeply affected her. "Well then," ſaid ſhe, forcing a faint ſmile, "my reſolution is taken, I only waited for Sommerfeldt's leave to follow him whitherſoever he may go, and I have been fortunate enough to provide myſelf with what (in the way I ſhall travel) will be equal to the journey."

I thought it better not to open to her that evening my deſign of attending her, and taking every care of the voyage upon myſelf, for I ſaw about her that delicate reſerve which is ſo proper from a woman ſituated as ſhe was, towards a man of my age till then a ſtranger to her; and with whoſe character ſhe could not be acquainted. Nothing is ſo unlike this, as

that dainty prudery which I have often ſeen the ugliеſt and moſt repulſive women affect; women whoſe faces and perſons were their certain defence againſt any of thoſe unauthoriſed attacks of which they ſeemed to be in the moſt terrible apprehenſions. I could make you ſmile by one ridiculous inſtance of this in a woman you are well acquainted with, but I am now more ſolicitous to talk of Gertrude.

A circumſtance of which we had both an aukward conſciouſneſs, but upon which neither of us could ſpeak, now made itſelf be felt. I knew it was by no means proper that I ſhould remain under her roof that night: ſhe was ſtill more ſenſible of it, but her hoſpitality, as well as the gratitude ſhe felt towards Sommerfeldt's friend, made her extremely unwilling to ſend me back to the town, eight long miles; and it unluckily happened that the night was very tempeſtuous, with wind and ſleet.

I ſaw

I ſaw the perplexity ſhe was in, and deſirous of relieving her, I enquired whether there was not in the village an houſe with or without a ſign, where I could procure a bed.

Gertrude replied that ſhe was much concerned to ſay there was no ſuch accommodation to be hoped for, and added, "my little habitation is too ſmall to allow me to obviate the inconvenience, but I am perſuaded my father would be happy to be favoured with your company, and I have ventured to inform him of your being here by a note, to which I expect an anſwer immediately."

I perceived that it was the doubts ſhe had as to this reception which now diſturbed her; but it ſeemed unlikely that Mr. Leiceſter would refuſe ſuch an inſtance of common hoſpitality, and I was not without hope by ſeeing him, of being ſtill ſerviceable to my two young friends. Gertrude endeavoured in vain to conceal her apprehenſions of a refuſal, till the anſwer

ſwer came. It was however, a coldly civil offer of a bed, yet made it ſtill colder, by the apology Mr. Leiceſter added, for not being able to attend me that night himſelf, as he was confined with the gout. It was already late, and I took my leave of my fair friend, and with a peaſant to ſhew me the way, reached the houſe of her father.

Is it neceſſary to deſcribe his lady wife? It is perhaps hardly neceſſary, as ſhe reſembles ſo much the members of the ſiſterhood called *mighty good ſort of women*, that is, creatures totally without hearts, and with no more underſtanding than enables them to execute the ſelfiſh plans with which they are inceſſantly occupied. Cold and demure in her manner, plain and formal in her perſon, with a countenance expreſſive of her mean and narrow mind, I diſliked her and her extorted civilities ſo much, that I repented not having returned to the market town, and began to doubt, whether my hopes of being ſerviceable to

Gertrude

Gertrude with her father, would not totally fail, when ſuch a woman entirely governed him.

I had the day before ſent Arnold on to my old friend Denvill, now the Rector of a village in this county, whoſe houſe was I underſtood, about fifteen miles beyond the reſidence of Mr. Leiceſter; intending, if he was at his living, to paſs a day with him before I left the country. I directed Arnold when he had an anſwer to this meſſage, to return to me at the cottage of Madame Sommerfeldt. He found his way to me at the houſe where I had taken up my lodging, about an hour after my arrival.

To this circumſtance I imputed the extraordinary change which I obſerved in Mrs. Leiceſter's manner the next day, when meeting her at breakfaſt, I ſaw her accompanied by a tall girl of fifteen, her eldeſt daughter, who had been I ſoon perceived tutored to put on her beſt looks, and call out all the little attractions which her

her mother fancied ſhe poſſeſſed. The ſervants had, I was ſure learned from mine, that I was a ſingle man of conſiderable fortune.

I was now introduced to Mr. Leiceſter, who was ſuddenly ſo much recovered from the gout, as to be able to entertain me himſelf, and his kindneſs was no longer limited to a cold invitation for one night. He preſſed me to remain ſome time with him: aſſured me of his gratitude for the trouble I had given myſelf in regard to his daughter, and loaded me with civilities.—Alas! I had long ſince ſeen too much of the world not to ſee the real value of all this, or for a moment to miſunderſtand its motive. I regret the time when I believed every profeſſion, becauſe I felt myſelf diſpoſed to kindneſs, and when I had not learned of what the hearts of more than half the world are made.

I endeavoured, however, to avail myſelf of this unexpected attention, to promote the intereſt of Sommerfeldt and his lovely wife;

wife; and being left alone with her father, I loſt no time in introducing the ſubject: I ſaw that he had much rather have heard me on any other.

I thought I could perceive that Mr. Leiceſter dared not ſhew towards Gertrude all the affection he felt; yet aſhamed of having reduced himſelf to a ſituation which compelled him to abandon the child he loved, rather than hazard domeſtic tranquillity, he ſeemed deſirous of impreſſing me with an idea that Gertrude had forgotten diſcretion and obedience when ſhe gave herſelf to Sommerfeldt; but I was too well acquainted with the truth, and the old juſtice had nothing left for it but to lament the impetuous temper and miſtaken politics of my friend. That either had been the real cauſe of the misfortunes of Sommerfeldt I could not allow; ſtill leſs could I yield aſſent to the long declamatory ſpeech in which he arraigned what he was pleaſed to term "the new ſyſtem of things." It would have been eaſy to have

have overturned his arguments, founded as they were in his adherence to prejudices, which his intereſt forbade him to part with, and which therefore he was willing to call reaſon. But beſides my diſlike to a political wrangle by which no man is ever convinced, I wiſhed to conciliate his favour. A very ſhort conference ſerved to let me into the character of Mr. Leiceſter. He was a man of conſiderable underſtanding, and had in the younger part of his life been accounted a man of wit. He became poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate at a very early period, and violent animal ſpirits, the effect of youth, health, and proſperity, carried him into exceſſes from which he was recovered only by the approaching failure of the means of indulging them. He was already on the verge of ruin, from the expences and the connexions he had formed, when he became acquainted with the mother of Gertrude.

Tho' without fortune, and the daughter of one of that race of men which are now

now extinct, a country gentleman of ſmall property; this young woman was ſurrounded by lovers, for her beauty excelled that of the faireſt damſels of the neighbourhood. Some of the candidates for her favour were, tho' in a ſomewhat inferior rank in ſociety, richer than Mr. Leiceſter then was, but ſhe preferred him; and having done ſo, he ſimply endeavoured to ſhew that he had ſtill the power to make his wife outſhine in ſplendour all with whom ſhe had formerly lived. The death of a relation, who left him an additional fortune, ſeemed to juſtify in ſome meaſure this increaſe of expence; but mortgages were inſenſibly devouring his principal eſtates: a few years brought him a numerous family, tho' only Leonora and Gertrude ſurvived their mother, who died in the twelfth year of her marriage, leaving her huſband embarraſſed in his circumſtances, and for a time ſo overwhelmed with ſorrow, that he was unable

to

to attend to his affairs, which of courſe became more confuſed.

From this fatal lethargy he was awakened only by the immediate and near approach of ruin. He took the reſolution to let his houſe and farm, ſend his children to a ſiſter who offered to take them, and go himſelf abroad. But the evil had taken too deep a root, his habits of expence and even of play ſtill adhered to him, and he returned in three years to England, not at all better in his circumſtances, and in every thing elſe changed for the worſe. He had loſt thoſe feelings which attach a man to his home; and fancied that he was juſtified in flying from it, ſince his regret for his deceaſed wife was his excuſe. He ſeldom ſaw her children, and ſoon found ſo many uſes for his money, that he thought with uneaſineſs on the time now nearly approaching, when the eldeſt of theſe girls muſt be educated; yet he was flattered when he heard her admired for that perſonal

ſonal beauty ſo conſpicuous afterwards in both of them, and ſtill more ſo by the progreſs Leonora made in whatever was taught her; then foreſeeing that with ſuch a form and face, ſhe was likely to marry very advantageouſly, Mr. Leiceſter endeavoured to procure her ſuch inſtruction as the country afforded. But nature had done for both his daughters what art could neither mend nor mar. Nature had given them excellent underſtandings, and excellent tempers; the reſt was merely the ornamental ſetting of invaluable jewels.

And it is probable, if theſe young women had been introduced into that ſort of ſociety, where men of ſenſe look for wives who are likely to render them happy, rather than to add to their income, Leonora who was ſeveral years older than Gertrude, would not have become, as I underſtand ſhe now is, the victim of her father's indiſcretion, and the intrigues of ſome female friend of her family; but I have not yet learned the particulars of thoſe cir-

cumſtances which occaſioned her unfortunate marriage. Gertrude reluctantly ſpoke of that connexion, though anxiety for her ſiſter was, I had often occaſion to obſerve, one of the predominant ſenſations of her mind.

I know, however, that Mr. Leiceſter, urged by the increaſing confuſion of his affairs, could at length find no other expedient than looking about him for a wife; whoſe fortune was ſufficient to repair the ruin of his own, and ſave him from the mortifying neceſſity of ſelling his family eſtates. Such a woman is found: what ſhe is now, I have already told you, and ſhe muſt have been even in youth, very unlike her whom Mr. Leiceſter ſtill ſeemed at times to regret. But ſhe had a fortune of at leaſt thirty thouſand pounds, and though it was all ſettled on her, together with an addition from the eſtate of her huſband, he fancied himſelf extremely benefited. To this marriage Leonora was the firſt ſacrifice, tho' ſhe had

had not yet completed her fifteenth year; for the new Mrs. Leiceſter could not bear a daughter in-law as tall as herſelf, and of ſuch eminent beauty, that ſhe was every where an object of admiration. Gertrude was ſent to a boarding ſchool, and her father by degrees ceaſed to regard her with his former affection; ſo that he hardly ſeemed to miſs her, when her ſiſter, who fondly loved her, took her to reſide a great part of the year with her; but the domeſtic miſeries of Leonora, drove her back to the paternal houſe, the doors of which were only not cloſed againſt her. Soon after, Gertrude's acquaintance commenced with the unfortunate Ulrica, and you know what happened in conſequence of her journey to the Continent with her German friend.

I would now indulge myſelf in the hope that ſhe is happy, but unfortunately I know it to be otherwiſe; for though there never were two young people more fondly attached to each other than Sommerfeldt

and Gertrude, the fate of her ſiſter is a cruel diminution of the felicity which, where there is youth, health, competence and love, is for at leaſt a time, to be expected, and is ſurely ſometimes enjoyed.

Would it not be a pleaſurable undertaking to relieve the mind of this admirable creature from the weight that cruſhes her gentle ſpirit? and what have I to do better? I have never ſeen Ireland: there is much worth ſeeing, and I have friends there I highly eſteem. I really believe I ſhall ſet out in a very few days; you will as uſual remonſtrate, or are you tired of it? Come—I will candidly acknowledge that I find one part of your prophecy completed: I have been ſo long accuſtomed to wander about the world, that my own houſe, (tho' notwithſtanding the moſt cruel diſappointments, I ought ſtill to have enough there to occupy me,) is of all other places that of which I am the moſt weary; and can you, my dear friend, wonder

wonder at it? Ah! rather pity the unhappineſs than condemn the errors of your friend.

I ſhall wait here till I hear again from Switzerland. Gertrude promiſes me a long letter—let me alſo have one from you.

LETTER III.

I EXPECTED and was prepared for your raillery, as well as your remonſtrance. That to common minds, my attachment, my friendſhip for Gertrude, ſhould appear as the effect of a very different ſpirit, I am by no means ſurpriſed. But from you, my friend! from you who ought to know me ſo well, from whom no ſentiment of my heart has been concealed, for *you* to ſuppoſe me capable of weakneſs ſo nearly bordering on treachery, does, I own, grieve me. No, Harry, if I am at all acquainted with my own heart, and I have ſtudied it in hopes of one day correcting its numerous faults; I feel for this young woman, lovely and faſcinating as I own ſhe is, nothing that a brother might not glory in feeling for a beloved ſiſter. And I declare, upon

the honour of a gentleman, that no thought injurious to the ſweet aud ſimple purity of her character, ever fixed itſelf on my mind.

I know I need not entreat of you to ſuffer no hint of ſuch an injurious ſuſpicion to eſcape you; women are naturally, or at leaſt artificially, prone to ſuſpect each other; and ſhould even the beſt hearted of of one thoſe women, who form the general groups in ſociety, repeat this doubt of me, it is impoſſible to tell whither the calumny might ſpread, or how fatal it might be to the peace of my friends. You know that as I have long ſince fled from thoſe ſocieties, and never frequent the places where mamas and aunts obligingly endeavour to direct the choice of deſultory wanderers like me; I have loſt all the popularity I once enjoyed among them, and I have traced many a ridiculous and malicious ſtory to the coterie of theſe very good women. For myſelf, I heed not their cenſure or their praiſe, but when it is like-

ly to reach the boſoms of my friends, I am by no means ſo indifferent.

But wherefore all this apprehenſion you will ſay, and what can all the old gentlewomen or young ones who may be thus diſpoſed, do againſt the character or the tranquillity of Madame de Sommerfeldt, who is very comfortably living in a Swiſs cottage on the banks of the Leman Lake?—I will tell you—

Mrs. Leiceſter, beſides her intereſted diſlike to Gertrude, is perhaps the moſt envious and malignant of human beings: (I never met with more than one who was at all to be compared to her.) She did me the honour, as I mentioned in a former letter, to ſuppoſe, that I might be captivated by the boarding ſchool graces of her eldeſt hope, and to her generous intention in my favour, a ſudden change from ſomething very like rudeneſs to extreme civility was owing. As I totally forgot that there was ſuch a being as Miſs Leiceſter in the world, two minutes after ſhe had bridled

bridled out of the room, the good lady ſoon perceived that there was little probability of my ſoliciting the honour ſhe was ſo willing to beſtow upon me; and when ſhe found that I had obtained Mr. Leiceſter's conſent to conduct Madame de Sommerfeldt to Germany, and had even perſuaded him to give her a ſum of money, it came into her head that all this muſt have been the effect of my being in love with Gertrude, and nothing elſe—"for who," ſaid the worthy gentlewoman, "who ever thinks of taking trouble and putting himſelf to expence about a woman unleſs he is in love with her?"—Beſides foreigners or Frenchmen (for ſhe has no very diſtinct notion about the difference) have, as ſhe has learned, mighty looſe notions, and ſhe ſuppoſes the young fellow who paſſed for a Count, was only a ſpy, who was contented to call Gertrude his wife; for ſhe does not believe it is the ſame perſon that ſhe was, with her father's conſent, engaged to. All this, and much of the ſame

ſort, has (you will aſk, how?) reached me. I now know that the elder ſiſter of Gertrude, the unfortunate Leonora, owes the greater part of the miſery that has overwhelmed her, not merely to the wretched and ill aſſorted marriage which this woman betrayed her into, but alſo that by the miſrepreſentations and calumnies which ſhe has inceſſantly endeavoured to diſſeminate, ſhe has ſometimes inflamed the irritable temper of the man to whoſe power Leonora is condemned; and can I then do otherwiſe than dread what Mrs. Leiceſter may yet do? Or can I too ſolicitouſly guard againſt involving Gertrude in evils reſembling ſome of thoſe that have deſtroyed the peace of her ſiſter.

All I have ſaid, my friend, will not be in your opinion too much, when you learn that I am now ſetting out on my long projected journey to Ireland. I am perfectly aware of the ſarcaſms that may be uttered if it is underſtood that a ſiſter of Gertrude's is believed to be there, and I would guard

guard againſt the conſequences to her, for as to myſelf, I repeat that I have long ſince ceaſed to labour in the hopeleſs taſk of enſuring the approbation of the maſs of ſociety.

When I ſee (as alas! I *have* ſeen) the rage of party, and rage indulged without any principle, but merely becauſe the ſide ſo taken was that to which the intereſt of the individual diſpoſed him to lean; when I have ſeen theſe intereſted prepoſſeſſions diſſolve the ties of nature, and annihilate the moſt delightful aſſociations of the human heart: when I have ſeen the father eſtranged from his children, the children inſulting the parent who has raiſed and protected them: the brother warring with his brother, and friends the moſt intimately attached, learning to abhor each other; for no other reaſon than becauſe one man finds it his intereſt to adopt a certain ſyſtem, and another conſiders his conſcience engaged in thinking as the Sidneys and Hampdens thought before

him; when I obſerve, that in the eyes of perſons who are themſelves in a certain line of life, there is no crime that ſtains and degrades half ſo much as the crime of poverty—when I recall to my mind the numerous inſtances of fraud and folly, of miſrepreſentation and malice, which I who have not lived a great number of years have experienced and ſuffered from, I own to you, my friend, that I ſicken at the view of my ſpecies which is forced upon me.

I fancy I hear you ſay, "Bravo! in this black humour, this extremity of miſanthrophy you are going to Ireland—a country where, if we may believe the public prints, you are not likely to be cured by the preſent habits of the people, of your ill opinion of mankind."

Yet let me aſk, whether all I complain of in this country, or may find in that, is the fault of the animal man, or of the education the artificial habits he acquires in ſociety?

ſociety? If men were not brought up to believe that a difference of political or religious opinions, or the difference of colour or of country, were ſufficient reaſon for their living in a perpetual ſtate of warfare, could all happen that does happen? The page of hiſtory is polluted with inſtances of depravity that make humanity recoil: and from whence is it ſo? Aſſuredly from the firſt traces we can obtain of the hiſtory of this iſland; (for example;) it has been the demons of ſuperſtition and cupidity that have occaſioned the horrors we ſee deſcribed. The Druids burnt the wretched people who fell into their power, in honour of their god Thor. Gardiner and Bonner, fourteen hundred years afterwards, ſacrificed as many to the ſupremacy of an Italian prieſt. Ambition would not ſuffer the ſword to be ſheathed when Fanaticiſm refrained from her ravages. The hiſtory of the Saxon heptarchy is little elſe than an account of murders; and even the ſacred doctrine of

Chriſt was inſufficient to prevent the commiſſion of crimes which humanity recoils from. Surely it is an inſult to reaſon, when the God of all—the great architect of this wonderful univerſe, who governs the millions of worlds which are beheld above us, is preſumptuouſly implored to aſſiſt in deſtroying one part of his creatures, for the gratification of another; as if the inſcrutible Being pervading and animating all nature, had our feelings and partialities. What are we that we dare to imagine the Governor of this immenſe ſyſtem is intereſted in our paltry quarrels, or will annihilate others of his creatures to gratify our ridiculous politics? It provokes my ſpleen when I am deſired to believe that to eat of a particular food on a particular day, will conciliate heaven, and be accepted as a ſacrifice for the ſins of an individual, or of a nation: it ſeems to me that, far from being an humiliation, it is the moſt abſurd proof of impious arrogance, to imagine that the Almighty deigns to concern

cern himself with the dinners of the reptiles that crawl on this speck of earth; and I cannot but believe that if the plain axioms of morality were inculcated, man would be much happier, and nearer to what his Creator intended he should be. "But," say you, "since it is not likely you can do much towards changing the present mode of instruction, were it not better to take things as they are, and make the best of a world which, however imperfect, you have no power to mend? It is useless to *think* about it."

Give me leave, in answer to this, to ask you, whether if Luther and Calvin had not thought we might not still have been paying tribute to the bishop of Rome? Oh! blessed be the thinkers! and doubly blest he who discovered, in the art of printing, the means of communicating knowledge, and awakening enquiry! "We must destroy the art of printing," said a catholic priest, "or it will destroy us."—

How

How many perſons have lately ſhewn that they have the ſame fears.

My next will be from ſome part of Wales, on my way to Cheſter, where I ſhall embark for Dublin.

LETTER IV.

I NOW write from a romantic village in North Wales, where I ſtay a day, as I never paſſed through this country before. The numberleſs travellers, whether equeſtrian or pedeſtrian, whether in chaiſes, coaches, or curricles, who, within a very few years have undertaken to give the public deſcriptions of the ſcenery of this diviſion of the Britiſh empire, leave me nothing new to ſay of winding vallies, green hills, or rapid ſtreams pouring from the mountains. The pencil and the pen have been ſo frequently employed in theſe deſcriptions, that I imagined the places I had read of would be all familiar to me; yet I find the ideas I had received, in almoſt every inſtance, unlike the reality. I have viſited ſome of the fineſt remains of buildings formerly intended for defence, or dedi-

cated

cated to Religion. Of moſt of theſe you will find minute accounts in Pennant; and can imagine me poring over tombs, from whence time has eraſed the frail memorial of the duſt that ſleeps beneath. The thoughts that uſually occupy the mind in ſuch places, ſeem to me, above all others, humbling to human vanity. Of ſome men who imagined themſelves of infinite importance in their day, no memorial remains, but a tradition that they founded one of theſe buildings, to extenuate, by ſuch act of miſtaken piety, fraud or murder; while the names of others are buried, fortunately, perhaps, with their aſhes!— I here leave my pen till my next halt.

At this inn at Cheſter, a great number of perſons, of various deſcriptions, are waiting, as I am, for a paſſage to Ireland. The wind is decidedly againſt our ſailing to-night. I have reconnoitred ſome of my fellow-paſſengers, but have ſeen none whoſe appearance is attractive

attractive enough to make me wish to engage in converſation with them. There is, however, as I have learned, a celebrated actor among them; his wife, or *belle amie*, a very pretty woman; ſome other gentlemen of the ſame profeſſion, and ſeveral ladies. I have not yet ſeen this party, or rather parties, for the leſſer do not aſſociate with the greater. I may poſſibly find ſome amuſement among men who muſt have ſeen, and ought to have read, much. I ſhall therefore endeavour, to-morrow, to introduce myſelf into their ſociety.

In purſuance of my attempt to make acquaintance with men of whoſe manners I was ignorant, I joined the party aſſembled at dinner. On ſome other occaſion I may give you a deſcription of all theſe *convives*; but it would require more time and gaiety of ſpirit than I can now command: I limit myſelf therefore to one.

The

The name of this young man is Deyncourt. His figure is genteel; and his countenance, though it bore the traces of dejection, is extremely intereſting. I ſoon found that he had been an unſucceſsful candidate to fill thoſe parts where youth and a good perſon are requiſite: but his Romeo and Caſtalio, &c. &c. &c. had, for ſome reaſon or other, been ſo coldly received on the London boards, that he was going to try his fortune in Ireland, rather than any longer content himſelf with earning a ſcanty pittance in the humiliating characters which he had filled ſince his failure. I felt intereſted for this unhappy young man: while one of the others amuſed the reſt by trying to make him ridiculous. He bore it with more temper than I thought, from the fire which now and then flaſhed in his eyes, was in his diſpoſition; and, as ſoon as he could, withdrew himſelf from the room, followed by a very pretty boy, about nine or ten years old, who had dined

at a ſide-table, and to whom Mr. Deyncourt had been attentive: I imagined he was his brother.

When they were gone I learned from his perſecutor's converſation with the gentlemen and ladies who remained, that the father, Mr. Deyncourt, was the younger ſon of a man of family, and was diſinherited for marrying a young actreſs, though ſhe was of unblemiſhed character, and would have made him happy, had not their neceſſities, and an increaſing family, embittered their lives by a continual ſtruggle with anxiety and poverty. When a man is to a certain degree unfortunate, the world ſeems to take a ſtrange pleaſure in keeping him down. The father of Mr. Deyncourt attempted ſeveral undertakings, which might enable him to ſupport his wife and children: but theſe efforts ſerved only more deeply to involve him: and, after an ineffectual ſtruggle for many years, he died at the age of forty, of a broken heart; recommending his family, (a widow

dow, two daughters, and a ſon,) to the humanity of his brother and a maiden ſiſter, to whom his father had left the whole of his fortune.

But this recommendation proved uſeleſs, and his ſon, young Deyncourt, after having waſted ſome time in attempts to qualify himſelf for one of the learned profeſſions, which he found it impoſſible to do for want of money to ſupport him while he was ſtudying, ſolicited an enſigncy in a marching regiment. But even ſuch a boon he wanted intereſt to obtain: yet for this diſappointment he was conſoled, by being convinced, that if money could have been found for the firſt expences, he could not, from the ſmall pay of an enſign, have contributed to the ſupport of his ſiſters and his mother, whoſe ſole reliance he was, and who were wretched at the poſſibility of his being, by this perilous profeſſion, torn from them for ever. To enter into trade, however willing, was not in his power, for want of money. The early part

of his education had been carefully attended to by his father: he underſtood the European languages extremely well; his voice was clear, and his ear good; and, repulſed by poverty from every other avocation, he at length determined to try what could be done by having recourſe to the ſtage. The hope he had entertained that the brother or ſiſter of his father might befriend him, had hitherto deterred him from making this experiment; for, beſides an infinite deal of family pride, theſe people, who were both unmarried, belonged to a ſect of fanatics, one of whoſe tenets it is, that the contrivers, actors, or ſpectators of plays, are condemned to everlaſting puniſhment. Before, therefore, this luckleſs young man appeared in the ſecond of theſe characters, he once more repreſented his ſituation to his uncle and aunt; and laid before them the urgent and imperious reaſons that had left him at length no other choice. His letter, though it had been opened, was returned in a blank

blank cover, and delivered, with a verbal meſſage, by an ancient and favourite ſervant of his uncle's, ſignifying, in the coarſe terms of an old proverb, that "what was bred in the bone would never be out of the fleſh;" and that it was no wonder the child of perdition ſhould follow ſuch courſes. Finally, his uncle and aunt ſignified that they deſired to hear of him no more.

After having gathered this account from one of thoſe among his aſſociates who ſeemed to have the moſt ſenſe and feeling, I could not help wiſhing to know whether I could ſerve this rejected and luckleſs young man. I walked out to meditate on the means by which this might be done moſt effectually; and, taking a retired way beyond the town, I met him returning from his walk, accompanied by the boy I had ſeen at dinner.

After the uſual ſalutations, I endeavoured to draw from him an account of himſelf; for I believed that while he ſpoke,

I ſhould

I ſhould be able to learn towards what line of life he was inclined, ſhould his theatrical attempts, (which I underſtood he had reluctantly returned to,) again fail, or not be ſufficiently encouraged to allow him to hope the ſtage would procure him the means of ſupporting his family.

The account I received from him was given with much modeſty, yet with ſo proper a ſenſe of the reſpect which a man, guilty of no fault, ought to bear towards himſelf, however humble his pecuniary circumſtances, that I felt new intereſt in his welfare, and a ſtill greater deſire to ſerve him. When he had finiſhed this detail of his own life, I ſaid, "You have no brother then, Mr. Deyncourt? I imagined your young companion here might be one of your family." He anſwered only, that he had been glad to take under his care a child who was going to his parents in Ireland.

The boy, who was walking with us, took his hand, and, as he looked up in the

face of Deyncourt, I saw that the tears were streaming from his eyes. He sobbed, and seemed desirous of speaking, without being able to speak. I cannot describe the boy's manner; but it was extremely affecting. Deyncourt seemed hurt. "My dear little fellow," said he, "you suffer yourself to consider, as of too much consequence, those acts of common kindness which, I am sure, if you had yourself the power, you would be glad to shew to any one." The child, his face still bathed in tears, hung on his arm. "When," said he, "you leave me, I am sure I do not know that I shall find such another friend in the world; for my father will not care half so much as you do what becomes of me."—"Come, come, Edward," cried Deyncourt, "we will not spoil our walk by these sorrowful repinings; besides, you know nobody has a right to trouble his friends with his private grievances." Deyncourt then forced the conversation on some other topic: I invited

him and Edward to partake of my ſupper, in a private room, and we parted till the hour at which I had ordered it.

The boy, whoſe countenance and manner were calculated to increaſe the good opinion I at firſt entertained of him, withdrew as ſoon as our repaſt ended, and I ventured to aſk Deyncourt who he was. "He is the child," ſaid he, "as I underſtand, of a man who has poſſeſſed very conſiderable property, but who, having contrived ſomehow or other, to ruin himſelf, has deſerted his children. This poor boy, who tells me he is the eldeſt, was at ſchool not far from London, where, after a reſidence of two years, the maſter, whom I happen to know a little, declined keeping him any longer without an aſſurance of being paid; and on enquiry among all his father's former connections, he could hear nothing of him but that he reſided in Ireland. The maternal grandfather of the unfortunate child is, however, living ſomewhere in England; and, on applica-

tion to him, the maſter received a ſmall ſum of money, with directions to ſend the boy immediately to Ireland, where his father is. This melancholy hiſtory coming to my knowledge, I offered to take care of this poor forſaken child, and to conduct him to his unnatural parent. It is ſo long ſince he has heard the voice of kindneſs; his ſpirits have been ſo ſubdued by neglect and ill treatment at ſchool, and he has ſuch a dread of meeting his father, whom he recollects with a degree of diſguſt and diſlike, on account of his harſh treatment of his mother, that he clings, poor fellow! to a ſtranger, merely becauſe he has received the offices of common humanity, which I fear have long been withheld from him."

"This luckleſs Edward then has no mother?" ſaid I.

"Of that," anſwered Deyncourt, "he is ignorant; and the moſt acute ſorrow of his young heart ariſes from that uncertainty. He has told me that his mother doated

doated upon him, and taught him at home with his brothers and ſiſters, till his father's affairs became ſo embarraſſed that he was forced to go to Ireland, leaving him at ſchool, at the deſire of one of his friends, who gave a ſort of a promiſe to help in his education, which, however, he had never thought of afterwards, and had taken no notice at all of him. "The boy," continued my informer, "thinks that his mother is dead, as he is ſure, he ſays, that *ſhe* would not have forſaken her Edward. I own I am greatly intereſted for this child of misfortune, and ſhall be very much hurt if I do not ſucceed in reſtoring him to his father, and obtaining for him ſuch a reception as a father ought to give to ſo amiable a child."

Though a newer acquaintance, I felt on this ſubject ſo exactly like Deyncourt, that we agreed to conſider little Edward as our joint charge. I inſiſted on ſupplying his expences; for I found he was very ſlenderly furniſhed with money. Edward, who

is one of the moſt ſenſible boys I ever talked to, conſiders his having found a new friend as an additional favour conferred upon him by the former one: yet it is eaſy to ſee, that had he not an hope of finding his mother in Ireland, he would, young as he is, enter at once on the world as a ſhip-boy, and work for his bread, rather than return to his father. I have found him examining the veſſel, and acquainting himſelf with the mode of life on board ſhip; and I ſee that he has an underſtanding which will enable him to make his way in any profeſſion. He is an excellent ſcholar for his years, and I have recalled with pleaſure my early ſtudies in examining his progreſs. It is impoſſible, on meeting with ſuch a boy, not to reflect on the ſtrange diſpoſition of the bleſſings of this world of ours. How many men, of high rank and affluent fortune, would conſider as the firſt favour of heaven, ſuch a boy as this, who, rejected and thrown upon a pitileſs world, has found only an enemy

enemy in the father who ought to have been his friend and protector—but I have this moment notice that the wind is fair—I embark immediately—you shall hear from me in a few days after my arrival on the other side.

LETTER V.

SINCE the date of my laſt letter, a conſiderable time has elapſed; and the Knight-errantry of your friend has had an unuſual ſhare of employment.

You will recollect that I gave you a ſketch of a young adventurer in the hiſtrionic art, whoſe manner and ſtory had deeply intereſted me; nor was I leſs ſolicitous for the fate of the deſerted orphan, whom he had ſo generouſly undertaken to protect, when a man of leſs liberal mind might have thought himſelf well excuſed, for declining, under circumſtances like his, either trouble or expence. After our arrival here, it was with infinite difficulty I prevailed upon him to allow me to take the charge of little Edward entirely upon myſelf. Of his father nothing was heard,

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it was only known that ſome months before he had taken a farm not many miles from Dublin, from whence he had ſuddenly diſappeared; not long afterwards he had been entruſted with a commiſſion againſt the wretched people then in rebellion, but for ſome cauſe or other had forfeited the confidence of his employers, and ſo wavering and devoid of principle was his conduct, that it was doubted whether he had not taken the other ſide. The unfortunate woman whoſe deſtiny was united to his, had long ſince been loſt to the few people who yet took an intereſt in her and her children, and it was even believed ſhe was dead. Such was the account Mr. Deyncourt at firſt brought me, when imagine how much I was ſurpriſed and concerned, on my enquiring the name of the parties, that I might aſſiſt in theſe enenquiries, I learned, that the child I had adoped, was the nephew of Madame de Sommerfeldt; his mother whom he ſo anxiouſly ſought to find, her ſiſter, *that*

Leonora whoſe fate had coſt my admirable friend ſo many tears, and of whom I had promiſed to ſend her ſome intelligence.

This was information that I did not obtain till the ſecond day after I reached Dublin, for I was unwilling to aſk queſtions on a ſubject where I was not ſure that I could be uſeful: I knew the child only by the name of Edward.

But when Deyncourt was obliged to ſatisfy, in ſome degree at leaſt, his affecting importunity, the names of the parties became known to me, and you will eaſily believe that to the impulſe of humanity was added the zeal of friendſhip. It was indeed a ſingular coincidence when I became by chance aſſociated with a being yet more deeply intereſted than I was in tracing the deſtiny of the unhappy Leonora.

If nothing could be learned of her, I imagined her huſband's track, however puzzling, might be more readily followed, and that it would ſurely be poſſible to gather from him what was become of the reſt of his

his family, when the enquirer had evidently no other deſign, than to relieve him from a burthen which he was repreſented as being unwilling or unable to ſupport. Deyncourt, already oppreſſed with a ſenſe of what he called obligations to me, could not be diſſuaded from purſuing his purpoſe of attempting to procure an engagement; and I underſtood that the very exiſtence of a mother and ſiſter he loved, depended on his ſucceſs. I own I think him worthy of filling any ſituation in ſociety, and I have taken meaſures which I hope will ultimately aſſiſt him: till however the ſucceſs of what I have done can be known, I ſuffer him to proceed in the ſtudies requiſite for his preſent purpoſe; and to relieve him from all anxiety about Edward, I have, as a friend of his mother's family, taken him under my care. How delicious are the ſimple effuſions of affection inſpired by gratitude in a young heart! This child conſiders me as his more than father,

and his manner of telling me ſo, the unadulterated ſimplicity of his mind, and his tender attachment to his mother, have rendered him ſo dear to me, that I ſhould be concerned if any thing but ſome unexpected good fortune ſhould now divide us.

For many days all my enquiries after the abode of Mr. Wardnell were ineffectual; I found, however, a great number of his creditors, who hoping I was come from England, either in the intention of ſettling his affairs, or to compel him to ſettle them himſelf, were very glad to tell me all they knew or fancied they knew; in the ſtories however that I collected, no two of them agreed, and all I could certainly underſtand in this chaos of confuſed legends was, that he was ſuppoſed to have changed his name, and to have concealed himſelf either in the weſt of Ireland, or to have paſſed over to England. Of the fate of the reſt of the family theſe people were totally ignorant.

This

This was not an account to be ſent to Madame de Sommerfeldt. I determined therefore to ſay nothing, till I could either give her ſome intelligence more ſatisfactory, or by aſſuring her that her unhappy Leonora was beyond all future ſuffering, teach her at once the hard leſſon which muſt however be learned, of ſubmitting to irremediable evil.

I have with a good deal of trouble diſcovered a man who is believed to be in the confidence of Clayton, which is ſuppoſed to be the name the father of poor little Edward now goes by. From this perſon's information, which it was very difficult to obtain, I have, as I believe, traced him into the weſtern parts of Ireland. I am now on my way thither, accompanied only by Edward and my old ſervant, who doth extremely marvel at his maſter, and cannot gueſs what could induce me to come to Ireland, towards the natives of which country, and to the country itſelf, he entertains all that inveterate antipathy with which Engliſhmen look on all the

other

have no means of knowing, and perhaps if I had, it would not be proper for you to enquire of me, ſince a child ſhould reſpect, without attempting to queſtion, the conduct of a father. Your mother I believe, from the account I have had of her, is a woman above being affected by local circumſtances; and after all, my young friend, it is not place that makes us happy: whoever does their duty towards God and man, has that internal peace which palaces cannot beſtow, where that ſenſe of rectitude is not found. If your mother could know that you Edward, were now in ſearch of her—do you think ſhe would care about what houſe ſhe ſaw you in?" "Oh no!" replied the child, my mother would not think of any thing but me, and my ſiſter and brother; for nobody ever thought ſo little of herſelf, or ſo much how others might be made happy. But ſtill I cannot help thinking that if my poor mamma does not regret the houſe and ſervants and carriage, and other things which

mamma

she was always used to, she must, notwithstanding, be unhappy to live in a place where she sees such very poor people all about her, and cannot give money or food to them as she used to do at the home we had once, to the poor cottagers in our village, when they were old or sick, or out of employment; but God knows whether or not my mother is alive. Ah! sir, when I think she may be in her grave, my heart sinks, and I feel as if I could not live if I were sure of it—I cannot help fearing it, because I am sure that though my father might forget or forsake me, my mother never would!"

In dialogues like this I did not often engage with this unfortunate boy, for my doubts sometimes were so much greater than my hopes, that I seemed to be pursuing a shadow, and instead of befriending the poor orphan, teaching him the sad lesson of early misery—of hope long delayed, which, bowing down the spirit in despondence, blights the blossoms of youth

youth, and tinctures an whole life with sadness.

We travelled on however, and after a journey which I should certainly not have undertaken, but in the cause of friendship, we arrived at Kellashaugh, a town (if town it may be called,) situated on the rocks of a bay of the same name, which forms a high part of the coast on the western side of Ireland. The place itself was dirty and wretched, but in the magnificence of the cliffs, and the rude country beyond them, there was a great degree of savage grandeur, sublimely in unison with the boundless view of a sea in which nothing intervened between the island on which its mountainous waves broke, and the islands and continent of America. The vast Atlantic thundering on these rocks, which at a short distance from the town were inhabited only by seals below, and sea-fowl above; the volumes of clouds sailing like castles and towns over the ever restless water, combined, I thought, to make this one of the grandest sea-views

I had

I had ever ſeen. And was it here then, in this deſolate ſcene, where the inhabitants had more the appearance of ſavages than of members of a civilized community—was it here I was to ſeek for the poliſhed Leonora? Could the ſiſter of Gertrude be the inmate of ſuch a place?

There was no appearance of it; for not an houſe ſeemed likely to have been even the temporary reſidence of one who had been accuſtomed to call himſelf a gentleman; or could, indeed, any thing but the deſire of concealment have brought ſuch a man into ſo deſolate and rude a corner of the world.

In a neighbouring county there is a family-houſe, at which an old friend of mine ſometimes reſides for a few weeks in the year. I heard, before I left Dublin, that this was the period of his occaſional ſojourn; and, on enquiry, I found it was about fifty-five miles from Killeaſhaugh. As I could find in this latter town no traces of the perſons I ſought, I determined to leave it for Kallanroſs. Edward reſigned, with

with deep yet ſilent regret, the hope he had entertained of finding his mother. His gratitude to me increaſed; yet I ſaw him drooping under the conviction that he was indeed a friendleſs orphan, dependant on the bounty of a ſtranger.

Our way lay along the wild coaſt, indented here with deep bays, and there ſhooting out into vaſt promontories, ending in high headlands, that, towering, appeared to command the hemiſphere. Some part of the road was over theſe, or on the ſands at their baſe; and the aſcents or deſcents among them were ſo broken by torrents, or impeded by maſſes of ſtone, that we performed much more of our journey on foot than on our horſes. Yet, notwithſtanding all our diligence, and though Edward is an excellent traveller, the evening was cloſing upon us while we were yet diſtant ſome miles from the ſmall hamlet, where we were told we might remain for the night. The night approached ſullenly, and the wind high and keen, only admitted

the

the riſing moon to appear as the dark clouds were ſometimes divided. I found that the guide we had hired (for here it is impoſſible to travel without one,) was an ignorant and a timorous fellow, and, probably preſſed by want, had, for the ſake of earning a few ſhillings, undertaken a taſk to which he was incompetent; nor was that ſuſpicion, after a time, the worſt I entertained of him. I thought he had purpoſely miſled us, and that we ſhould meet with ſome of thoſe diſagreeable adventures that had been predicted at Dublin. I therefore inſiſted on his conducting us immediately, by the ſafeſt way, to the valley which we ſaw below us, and where I had diſtinguiſhed what I took to be a church, or chapel, near ſome other large and apparently ruinous buildings, with ſome huts of the peaſants ſcattered around near them. The man promiſed to obey, but failed not to remonſtrate on the badneſs of the road, and his ignorance of any path but that along which he was before directing

reſting us. I perſiſted, however, and leading our horſes, we began to deſcend as well as we could.

The attention of every individual was, in ſome degree, neceſſary to his own ſafety, ſave that both Arnold and I were, from time to time, as occaſion required, ſolicitous for our younger companion, who, however, ſcrambled better than any of us. Our progreſs was ſlow, and we had not yet deſcended above half way, when loud ſhrieks, or rather yells, were heard in the vale beneath us, and we ſaw fire, in many places, blazing from the buildings which at night-fall we had deſcried. I enquired of the guide what all this meant? He anſwered, in apparent confuſion, that he ſuppoſed it was an attack of one party againſt another, and that the aggreſſors had ſet fire to the village. "Such things," ſaid the man, "happen very often; and we ſhall be wiſe if we will not get among them."—The ſhrieks now increaſed, and the report of fire-arms was heard. The cries

cries of women and children, and the execrations of men, loaded the wind. I could not remain unconcerned while a ſcene of this ſort was tranſacting. I bade Arnold give me the piſtols he carried, and take care of the boy while I haſtened on. Arnold refuſed to leave me; and the ſpirited boy, graſping my hand, aſked me if I thought him ſo childiſh, or ſo cowardly, as to fly from danger which I found it neceſſary to face. While I anſwered, we were on the plain, and, mounting our horſes, the increaſing light of the fires, and the cries and ſhouts, guided us to the ſpot.

Heavens! what a ſcene was preſented to us. The catholics had attacked a village where a few proteſtant families lived, in conſequence of an old quarrel which had been lately renewed with increaſed acrimony. I had, however, no time to enquire into the merits of the cauſe. I ſaw that one party were ſuperior to the other in numbers, and that about thirty men

men had formed themſelves into a little phalanx round the ancient manorial houſe, or caſtle, (for ſuch it appeared to me to be,) and towards them I endeavoured, with my two auxiliaries, Edward and honeſt Arnold, to make my way. The aſſailants ſeemed to give more importance than it deſerved to this ſmall reinforcement. I joined the men who guarded the gate, where the others appeared ſomewhat leſs determined to enter; and with my hanger I made them recede ſtill farther, while this haſty account was given me by one of the men whoſe language convinced me he was an Engliſhman. "Sir," ſaid he, "this houſe is inhabited by an Engliſh lady—a woman in diſtreſs, with her children. She has been the idol of the country ever ſince ſhe has been here, and done more good in one week to the poor wretches round the place, than all the prieſts together will do in an hundred years. One of them, becauſe ſhe took into her ſervice and converted a girl that the prieſt had

had a mind too, has ſet theſe fanatic fellows againſt her and the people of the village, who are all church people. There was a wake laſt night at a cluſter of cottages juſt by, and the people being half mad and quite drunk with whiſkey, they were ſpirited up to do all this miſchief, if they get into the houſe."

"They ſhall not" ſaid I, "at leaſt I will not ſee it." It would be an awkward narrative to ſay thus, and thus, *did I*, or rather we, for neither Arnold nor my brave little companion were idle. Let it ſuffice then to tell you, that the ſavages were repulſed, and I began to believe they were ſo far intimidated, that I might advance among them and prevent their committing farther cruelties on the defenceleſs women and children, whoſe habitations they were deſtroying. But before I had time to take the precautions neceſſary to the ſafe execution of ſuch a plan, a dreadful ſhriek was heard within the houſe, the outer door of which we had defended, it

ſuddenly opened, and a woman holding a child in her arms, while other children and ſome female ſervants followed, ruſhed out and ſprang towards me, imploring help and protection. Gracious heaven! if the moſt painful anxiety would have been excited by ſeeing any woman in ſuch a ſituation, what were my ſenſations when Edward called out on his mother, and claſping him wildly in her arms, that mother fell apparently dead at my feet.

It is impoſſible to do juſtice to the ſcene that enſued. I know not how the aſſaſſins were diſperſed, but Arnold, the other Engliſhman, and the few Iriſh who with us had oppoſed them, informed me they had diſappeared.

Leonora, that Leonora whom I had ſo long ſought, the beloved and lamented ſiſter of Gertrude, was ſtill without any appearance of life; while Edward ſupported her as well as he could, the others were crying round her, and calling, in the piercing

piercing and pathetic accents of infantine ſorrow, on their mama.

Arnold, with more preſence of mind than I had, now went to ſee if the houſe was clear of the wretches who had entered on the other ſide, and if it could be defended from within during the reſt of the night. Having in ſome degree ſatisfied himſelf that this might be done, the ſtill inanimate ſufferer was carried into a lower room, and the terrified women now collected round her, were, though with difficulty, induced to give her aſſiſtance. Arnold, and the party we could confide in, attended to the defence of our garriſon, which was now filled with women and children; many of the former of whom I heſitated to admit, till I was ſure they were the Proteſtant inhabitants of the village. I have been toſſed ſome hours on a tempeſtuous ſea, and have been at different times in other ſituations of alarm, but certainly I never experienced any thing ſo agitating as the circumſtances of the night I now paſſed,

nor did I ever feel doubts of ſo dreadful a nature, as thoſe which now preſſed on my mind, as to the poſſibility of conveying Leonora and her children from ſuch a place, to one where they would not be expoſed to the horrors which now ſurrounded them.

Obtaining however, from the people about me ſuch intelligence as I could, I determined to ſend for a military guard, at leaſt to try if ſuch a force could not be obtained againſt the following day. It was not eaſy to find any one who would undertake to traverſe the moraſſes and mountains between this houſe and the town where there was a garriſon, at the diſtance, as I underſtood, of fourteen miles. The men who had ſo lately attacked this deſolate but hitherto peaceful village, were probably lurking among the moſſes, and under the mountain craggs; and of theſe the moſt courageous of our party ſeemed to be in great terror. At length by dint of that which ſilences fear as it does

does conſcience, I prevailed on two young Iriſhmen to undertake (by ſeparate roads each) to convey a letter. They both executed the taſk ſucceſsfully, and about five in the morning twenty horſemen arrived under the command of a lieutenant. Another queſtion then aroſe, as to the poſſibility of removing the unhappy Leonora and her children; but when having obtained permiſſion to wait upon her, I named my fears whether ſhe would be able to bear a removal, ſhe ſeemed by a ſudden effort of reſolution, the effect of returning hope, to recover her ſtrength; and aſſured me ſhe could inſtantly begin her journey, for it was, ſhe added, impoſſible, that any fatigue on the way, could equal that which would ariſe from fear and terror, were ſhe to remain a day longer in a place where ſuch a ſcene had paſſed as that of laſt night. I haſtened therefore to procure ſome conveyance: one of the carts or cars of the country and ſome

wretched ponies, were now conſidered as the greateſt treaſure that could be acquired. In a very ſhort time Leonora, her children, and female ſervants were placed in it, and a train of villagers followed as far as they could. You ſhould be acquainted with the ſpirit and the feelings of Edward, to imagine his figure as he rode by the ſide of the vehicle where his mother was: her eyes fondly fixed on him with ſuch an expreſſion of maternal affection as language cannot convey. But the honeſt triumph of the boy, who proudly conſidered himſelf as having aſſiſted in the preſervation of this beloved mother, was chaſtiſed by the melancholy ſpectacle that preſented itſelf as we paſſed. The few huts that had not ſuffered from fire were deſerted, and the few effects they had contained, loaded the poor inhabitants who formed part of our unfortunate proceſſion. Three or four dead bodies lay among the ruins, but theſe were people who had fallen by the pikes

pikes and ſtaves of their countrymen. I hope none ſuffered by our fire-arms, of which they ſeemed extremely afraid, and, indeed, never fully ſtood a diſcharge. Wretches as they are, I ſhould be ſorry to have ſhed the blood of one of them, though in ſuch a cauſe.

Yet I knew not then half the merit, or the ſufferings of her whom I had the good fortune ſo providentially to reſcue. I had ſcarce ſeen her; nor did I now venture on more converſation than was, as we proceeded, abſolutely neceſſary. I ſaw that it was only by an effort of extraordinary fortitude ſhe ſupported herſelf, and conſoled her ſurrounding children during a fatiguing rather than long journey; for ſuch was the ſtate of the roads, they were in ſome places ſo broken up and deſtroyed, that it was ten at night before we arrived at the garriſon town.

There was ſome difficulty in providing a lodging for the wearied group; but the appearance of Leonora and her children

would have excited intereſt in hearts more hard than thoſe we now had to do with. The wife of a lieutenant in the garriſon, though ſtraitened for room herſelf, received the mother and her younger charges, for the night. Edward remained with me, and took another leſſon on the life of a ſoldier, by ſleeping on ſtraw in a barrack, where I was glad to throw myſelf down. Edward's was the calm ſleep of childhood; and Arnold, ſtretched on the ſame primitive couch, forgot, in five minutes, all the cares with which his days are troubled, on his maſter's account. I obſerved them with envy; for I found that to forget myſelf was impoſſible.

The morning, therefore, was welcome to me. As ſoon as it was proper I deſired admiſſion; and Leonora (I muſt be allowed to call her Leonora, ſince the name of her huſband is hateful to me,) allowed me to conſult with her on the meaſures immediately to be taken. I now ſaw her,

for

for the firſt time, free from terror; and through the deep dejection which oppreſſed her, I eaſily diſtinguiſhed the faded, but ſtill faſcinating lovelineſs and grace, which I had been taught to expect; and I acknowledged that if Gertrude had a compeer, it was her ſiſter.

Her voice—and I could never admire a woman who had a coarſe one—is particularly pleaſing: yet the plaintive tone in which ſhe occaſionally ſpeaks, ſeems to have been the effect of the calamities ſhe has been expoſed to, and naturally ſhe is, I am ſure, of a chearful and ſanguine temper. What ſhall I ſay to you of her form? Though dead to love, I have not yet learned to be inſenſible to beauty, or rather, to that grace and expreſſion which attracts more certainly than regular beauty. Leonora is near thirty, and is the mother of ſeveral children. You have heard that ſhe has been unhappy—and unhappineſs preys more cruelly even than time on the features—yet the unblighted bloom

of ſixteen never appeared to me ſo attractive as this

"Woe-worn mother of a many children."

You will eaſily imagine, however, that our firſt dialogue, after each became rather more collected, was aukward. Her gratitude for the protection ſo fortunately afforded her, was equalled only by her aſtoniſhment at my being there with her ſon at ſuch a moment. She yet knew nothing of me but my name, and that Edward had been introduced to me by his firſt protector, had related all he knew of his family, and had ſet out with him on his journey in ſearch of his mother. That a ſtranger ſhould thus act, and have an intereſt ſo ſtrong excited by the ſimple narrative of a child accidentally met with, ſeemed incomprehenſible; and I found it neceſſary to relate to her the hiſtory of my acquaintance with her family, my interview with her father, and my promiſe to Gertrude, which engaged me to ſend her ſome certain intelligence of the beloved

ſiſter,

ſiſter, whoſe fate was to her a ſource of continual anxiety. This little narrative finiſhed, I beſought Leonora to conſider what I could now do for her ſervice; and I perceived that the embarraſſment with which ſhe anſwered me aroſe from the circumſtances ſhe was in—deſtitute of money, with four children beſides Edward, and in a country where ſhe was a ſtranger. Deſerted by her huſband, in a place where the talents and accompliſhments ſhe poſſeſſed were of no avail, the mild dignity and reſigned fortitude of her mind had nearly been deſtroyed by the cruelty of her ſituation; and I perceived that ſhe doubted how ſhe ought to act, or whether it was proper to accept from a ſtranger the pecuniary obligations ſhe muſt owe me, if, with ſuch a family, and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to Dublin, and from thence to London, as I had propoſed to her. I underſtood how difficult it was for her to ſtate theſe objections; I pleaded, however,

my right, as the friend and agent of Sommerfeldt and her ſiſter. Something that I ſtill did not perfectly underſtand, ſeemed to influence her refuſal more than the conſideration of the expence that would have been incurred. I knew ſo little, and what I did know was ſo unfavourable to the character of the man to whom ſhe was married, that I began to ſuſpect ſhe had apprehenſions as to the inference that might be drawn from her accepting my ſervices. It was, however, abſolutely neceſſary for her to decide: there were ſo many reaſons affecting the health and ſafety of her children that urged a prompt reſolution, that her ſcruples, if not conquered, were, for the time, given up: ſhe conſented to go to Dublin.

If at our firſt interview I had found Leonora worthy of the tender attachment her ſiſter had bore towards her, my conviction of her worth increaſed as I had more frequent opportunities of obſerving her. To an underſtanding of the firſt order

order was added a reſigned and patient acquieſcence under inevitable evils, ſuch as I had hardly ſuppoſed would have been acquired by a woman who had yet told only a few months more than ſeven and twenty years; for Edward, now in his eleventh, was born when ſhe was only ſixteen. I have accidentally learned, and have gathered from obſervation, that ſince her early marriage, her life has been paſſed either in attending her children, or in endeavouring to counteract the effects of that miſconduct which has brought ruin on theſe little victims. Yet thus occupied, ſhe has continued to acquire a great deal of knowledge, and is really—what ſo many people pretend to be—highly accompliſhed: yet ſhe has none of that pedantry which has often made me think accompliſhments diſguſting.

With ſuch a woman might I well forget how time paſſed, and rather deſire to prolong the time when we were to travel together, than to haſten the end of my journey.

ney. But, believe my, my dear Harry, I have ſo true, and, I think, ſo pure an affection for theſe lovely ſiſters, that I conſider myſelf as their brother. If I could know that Leonora would be as happy as ſhe deſerves to be, I own I ſhould be myſelf happier; but were I to be the means of diſturbing her tranquillity, I ſhould be miſerable.

I have diſcovered, notwithſtanding her endeavours to conceal it, that, among other caprices in which he indulges himſelf, her huſband is jealous of her, and though he abandons and impoveriſhes her and her children, and ſometimes abſents himſelf for many months at a time, when he is known to have concealed himſelf for the purpoſe of amuſing himſelf with ſome low woman, he is never ſatisfied, though his wife ſhuts herſelf up from all commerce with the world, and ſacrifices every thing that bears the name of pleaſure to her dread of expence.

I am

I am glad I do not know the man; and I hope I never ſhall. Since, however, I have heard this, I am become doubly cautious. We go towards Dublin to-morrow. There is a large party of people collected from this neighbourhood, which, for the greater ſafety, travel together, eſcorted by a ſtrong military guard, and I no more appear to conduct Leonora than any other of the women. It is neceſſary to avoid every thing that may feed the natural malevolence which women indulge towards thoſe of their own ſex, who, with beauty and merit enough to excite envy, are not rich enough to command that reſpect which is paid, at leaſt, outwardly, to fortune and rank. The ladies who compoſe this party, look, I can ſee, with envy on the ſuperior beauty and grace of Leonora; and whenever an opportunity offers, endeavour to outſhine by out-talking her; which, indeed, is the very worſt way they can take; for, except two of them, one a good ſort of matron,

who

who pretends to nothing; and her niece, a young girl from the North of Ireland, of ſeventeen, rather pretty, and very gentle and good-natured, I hardly ever ſaw a collection of female creatures who were ſo very little to my taſte, or rather whom I found poſſeſſed of ſo many repelling qualities. Yet ſome of them, I thank them, have done me the honour to think me worthy of their attention. Oh! if you ſaw them you would not call me very vain in ſaying this: I already anticipate a diſagreeable journey, and wiſh myſelf at the end of it.

LETTER VI.

London, *March* 20.

YOU will be glad to hear from me from this place, after having atchieved ſuch an adventure as that of reſcuing a diſtreſſed lady from perils greater than thoſe which fable dreſſes up in books of chivalry. I went, the day after my arrival here, to Mr. Audley, and learn from him that there is no preſent probability of your coming to town. My ſtay in it is uncertain; therefore I continue to write to you. I am glad that, in deſpite of your cold philoſophy, I have excited in your heart an intereſt for the fate of Leonora. I have not yet heard her melancholy ſtory; and am frequently afraid of deſiring to know it. From herſelf I think I never ſhall; ſince I can perceive there is a deli-

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cacy and reſerve about her, on particular ſubjects, which makes it painful to her to ſpeak upon them. She never mentions the name of Mr. Wardenel when it can be avoided, and thinks with anxiety of his preſent ſituation, of which ſhe appears uncertain. Edward, who, as the eldeſt of her children, is more conſcious of his misfortune than the little ones, endeavours, by the manly tenderneſs of an ingenuous youth, rather than the inconſequent fondneſs of a child, to ſoothe and conſole his mother; and to have him near her is a cordial to her heart. She has found too another conſolation ſince ſhe came to England, in having met in London one of the friends of her early youth, who, unlike the generality of the proſperous, does not conſider misfortune and embarraſſed circumſtances as ſufficient reaſon for abandoning one whom ſhe has once loved, and who has loſt her rank in ſociety by no miſconduct of her own. This lady, who ſeems worthy of being the friend of Leonora,

nora, was the daughter of a gentleman residing formerly in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Leicester, and, after her marriage, lived some years with her husband in the northern extremity of England. She is now a widow, with an handsome competence; and had not been long in London when she heard of Mrs. Wardenell's arrival, with whom she immediately renewed her former intimacy.

The fine eyes of Leonora are, I can perceive, brightened by the sight of an old friend; she looks upon her little girls with less of maternal anxiety than she has long felt, when she hopes they have found another protectress, who would be a mother to them if they should be deprived of her care at a distance from Gertrude. Her friend, whose married name is Westhill, seems to acknowledge, without envying her the superiority of her friend; nor does she appear to be one of those matrons who imagines no man can befriend a young and handsome woman in distress, but with some

ſome deſign againſt her honour. I have now an opportunity of being oftener with Leonora; for when ſhe was alone, or only with her children, my viſits were ſhort and leſs frequent: ſhe now admits me almoſt every evening; and ſince ſhe is under leſs reſtraint and leſs uneaſineſs, I ſee perfections of mind which care and ſorrow had before obſcured. In the courſe of hr pilgrimages with her huſband, ſhe has, I find, viſited many countries, and ſeen them differently from the generality of Engliſh travellers, who are acquainted with only one claſs of people, and have no opportunities of judging of the characters of that rank which make the bulk of the nation: but as the name of Mr. Wardenell inevitably mingles itſelf with theſe little narratives, I can ſeldom engage her to enter upon them. When, however, ſhe can ſpeak of ſcenery, or the arts, or deſcribe events, where her own unhappy circumſtances did not overcloud her ſpirits, the ſtrong and diſcriminating powers of her

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mind appear, and render her converſation ſo attractive, that I own I feel the inferiority of the next ſociety I enter into. You will conclude I grow too fond of that I find with Leonora. However that may be, her welfare and happineſs are ſo truly the end of my endeavours in her ſervice, that I will reſign the pleaſure of ſeeing her, for the more ſolid delight of ſerving her, whenever I find that the firſt interferes with the laſt.

By this time Gertrude has received my letters, and thoſe written to her by her ſiſter. That is a new ſource of ſatisfaction to me, who have now no other delight than in contributing to the happineſs of the few friends I love.

"And all this," you will ſay, "all this is from my platonic friend on the ſubject of two married women. It is ſurely ſelf-deception—one of thoſe viſionary projects in which he has been accuſtomed to indulge, by reading romances, and ſuch ſtuff, till he fancies every pretty woman

an Helen, with the virtues of Penelope."

Something very like this ſort of remark I think is perceivable in your laſt letter, when you aſk, "But where is the huſband of your heroine all this time?" I know not, nor does ſhe. Since her arrival in London the mind of Leonora ſeems gradually to have reſumed its tone; and to relieve herſelf from the weight of obligations, which is always painful to a liberal mind, where there is ſo little probability of returning them, ſhe has had recourſe to her pen: but this I ſhould never have known, if her friend, through whoſe means I have continued to ſpare Leonora the uneaſy ſenſation of believing herſelf and her children entirely dependant on me, had not ſhewn me how I might, through her bookſeller, aſſiſt her without her knowing that I did ſo.

I wrote the above three days ago. In conſequence of converſation I have ſince had with Mrs. Weſthill, I have obtained from

from her the hiſtory of Leonora, or as much of it as ſhe has ever communicated to any one. As I have the permiſſion of *her* friend, and am ſolicitous to place her as high as ſhe deſerves to be in the opinion of mine, I write it out for you. It is addreſſed to Mrs. Weſthill, by the familiar appellation which ſhe was accuſtomed to call her by in the days of their early friendſhip.

To the friend of my happieſt years, when Sophia and Leonora were inſeparable.

"La lunga iſtoria della pene mia."

"Since you aſk me, my friend, to give you the hiſtory of myſelf, 'even from my girliſh days,' I will write to you as if you had not then known me, and trace, as well as I can, the progreſs of that mind, which is, perhaps, ſo conſtituted as to have increaſed my misfortunes by the intenſeneſs with which it has occaſioned me to feel them.

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"The firſt recollections I have are all pleaſurable. My mother's careſſes, her beauty, her ſweet voice, her tenderneſs for me, the pleaſures of infancy, the little girls, daughters of the tenants who uſed to be my play-mates, and my childiſh delight in the woods and gardens which ſurrounded my father's houſe, all return to my mind, even at this diſtant time, with ſenſations of pleaſure. Even now I love the noiſe, the flaſhing of the water, and the operarions of a mill, becauſe I had a little acquaintance, the daughter of a miller on the river near the houſe, and often was allowed to go with my maid to play with her. There are ſome very common plants of which I am particularly fond, becauſe they were cultivated in a border that I was allowed to call my garden; and the wild flowers which grow on our hills, now give me, when I ſee them in other places, a ſort of melancholy gratification. By the ſame aſſociation of ideas, many other ſimple objects

jects give me peculiar ſenſations, that have perhaps no effect whatever on the generality of the world. Accuſtomed to wild and romantic ſcenery from my earlieſt remembrance, and being ſuffered, till I was ſeven years old, to be almoſt as free as the birds that inhabited the woods where I wandered; I was educated till then by nature, and have ever ſince been enthuſiaſtically attached to my firſt inſtructreſs.

My mother, who had never ſeen London till her marriage, and was fondly (from temper and habit) devoted to the ſcenes where her early youth had paſſed, delighted to ſee in her little girl a taſte for that mode of life ſhe herſelf preferred; but the pleaſure which ſhe derived from my health and vivacity, was embittered by the ſickneſs and death of others of her children. I knew not then what death was, but I ſaw ſorrow overclouding the ſpirits of my mother, and my little play-fellows diſappeared. Such impreſſions however, reſt not on the minds of

children; my infancy was as happy as my ſubſequent life has been wretched. My mother's death was the firſt real evil that befel me, and from that period a ſeries of calamities inceſſantly purſued me.

My father, whoſe affection to his wife, had been the firſt paſſion of his heart, no longer had courage to reſiſt the conſequences of that derangement of his affairs, which her œconomy and vigilance had long warded off. His home became hateful to him, and he determined to abandon it.—He ſent me to ſchool, left little Gertrude under the care of a ſiſter, and quitted England.

If the expence of ſupporting an eſtabliſhment was by this means leſſened, no other advantage accrued from it. A ſteward cannot ſuperintend an eſtate ſo well as a maſter. He who was employed by my father, managed ſo ill, that his tenants were either driven from their farms, or could not live upon them; the mortgagees becoming impatient, threatened foreclo-

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cloſures, and at the end of four years my father returned to England, and found his affairs in tenfold confuſion. They were beyond the reach of common remedies, and nothing remained to be done, but either to ſell the property which had been for two centuries in the family, or find ſome woman of fortune whoſe money might pay off the debts by which it would ſoon be devoured. My father had ambition, an ill-placed ambition I am afraid I ought to call it—A conſciouſneſs of ſome abilities as an individual, and the pride inſpired by being able to trace his family up to the conqueſt, which with the conſiderable landed eſtates he had inherited, had made him believe it probable that he might have weight with the government, and obtain one of thoſe places by the emoluments of which, indigent men of family are often enabled to ſupport the appearance of their former affluence. Actuated by this hope, my father determined to follow advice which thoſe whom he

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believed to be his friends, were ready to give him, that he might ſtrengthen his intereſt and repair his fortune. In a neighbouring town reſided the daughter of a man who having by parſimony and induſtry acquired a conſiderable ſum of money, became a banker and money jobber with farmers and country dealers, and at his death, left his daughter above thirty thouſand pounds, principally in government ſecurities. Towards this woman, ambitious of ranking with the families of the neighbourhood who had kept her at a diſtance, my father caſt his eyes. He was ſtill a very handſome man, but juſt in the middle of life, and the pride of Miſs Mabben was flattered by an offer of marriage from a gentleman whoſe anceſceſtors, as well as himſelf, had made ſo conſiderable a figure in the county. The few perſons whom ſhe conſulted, vainly repreſented to her, that Mr. Leiceſter's fortune was extremely injured, and that hers would probably be employed to re-

pair the faded ſplendour of his family. She thought theſe adviſers either intereſted or envious, and ſoon ſignified to her ſuitor, that ſhe had no other objection to him than what aroſe from his having two daughters. This however, was not eaſily obviated.—I was a very tall girl of fourteen, and had already left ſchool.—Gertrude might with propriety remain there ſome years longer, but what was to be done with me, towards whom Miſs Mabben ſeemed to bear the greateſt diſlike? The humiliating neceſſities of his ſituation, had deadened thoſe affections once ſo powerful in the heart of my father, and one of the paſſions that now moſt forcibly affected him was pride. Time had worn away the acute regret that he had felt for the loſs of my mother, and the phantom of ambition almoſt entirely poſſeſſed him. It happened that a Mr. Burfill, a relation of Miſs Mabbens, was, or pretended to be in my father's intereſt. He was an officious mercenary man, and had a wife ſtill

more artful and intriguing. Theſe people lived in London, and Miſs Mabben uſually went thither in the Spring, where ſhe had acquaintance among the tradeſmen and their connexions, who were natives of the ſame town. But ſhe was deſirous of being introduced to more faſhionable ſociety. My father, when he became an encouraged, if not an accepted lover, followed her to London, engaged his own friends and acquaintance to viſit her, and in an evil hour, at the inſtigation of Mr. Burfill his new friend, who directed the counſels of his miſtreſs, it was propoſed that I ſhould be ſent for up, "to have a little pleaſure, and ſee London." The female relation who uſually lived with us, was much fonder of this ſcheme than I was; ſhe was to accompany me, and all her contrivance, and all her money were exhauſted in preparing for her own appearance. My father had ſent her a commiſſion to equip me, but I was ſenſible of no other pleaſure than that of being

ing once more with my father, whoſe abſence, and the little notice he ſeemed to take of me, had made me look forward to his marriage with dread; for I thought he would then forget me entirely.

On our arriving in London, however, he received me with every appearance of affection; ſeemed eager for my improvement, by providing me with better maſters than the country had afforded; and immediately carried me to the ladies of his acquaintance, who were in the beſt ſocieties, and could moſt properly introduce me. But the gratification I ſhould have derived from all this, was embittered by the confirmation of his approaching marriage, when he commanded me to reſpect Miſs Mabben as my future mother. The word mother ſounded ſtrangely and unpleaſantly to me; for I could not forget my own, nor think, without anguiſh, that another was to bear her name, and fill her place. I endeavoured, notwithſtanding, to obey my father; but I did not ſucceed. My

temper was naturally open; and I had been taught to hold all diſſimulation and falſehood in abhorrence. It was, therefore, extremely difficult for me to affect reſpect and affection towards a perſon whoſe perſon and manners were utterly repulſive to me; and I was ſo wretched an hypocrite that my attempts to conceal my thoughts ſerved only to render them more apparent. I was, however, ſtill more to blame. I could not pretend what I did not feel; but I need not, and ought not to have given offence by flippant remarks. I ſincerely deſired to avoid offending my father; but I was young and giddy; I had gay ſpirits, and yielded too eaſily to the thoughtleſs confidence of youth to be always on my guard. And ſometimes, when I was alone with girls of nearly my own age, one of whom was the daughter of Mr. Burfill, I gave way to the indiſcretion of ridiculing the vulgar figure and aukward manners of Miſs Mabben. In theſe ſatirical flights I was, from my vivacity and power

powers of ridicule, but too ſucceſsful. My companions laughed at the pictures I drew of my future mother-in-law, and encouraged me while we were together; but Miſs Burfill betrayed me. I believe her mother communicated whatever paſſed; for I not only failed of conciliating the favour of Miſs Mabben, but I became ſo extremely unwelcome to her, that I was conſidered as a ſole but invincible impediment to my father's marriage; and Miſs Mabben ſignified her reſolution entirely to decline the alliance, if I was to make a part of her family.

This was not immediately communicated to me; but I ſaw my father was leſs than ever diſpoſed to treat me with that tenderneſs which had once been ſo precious to me. I ſaw too that he was unhappy; and I learned from my female relation that his viſible uneaſineſs was occaſioned by the increaſing perplexity of his affairs. She added, that Mr. Leceiſter had no alternative between completing this

marriage and ſeeing himſelf utterly undone, perhaps even impriſoned for the reſt of his life; "in which caſe," ſaid ſhe, "you know Gertrude and you muſt be beggars."

This proſpect, dreary as it was, made little impreſſion on my own account; but from the idea of my father's ſuffering, my ſoul recoiled in terror. Eſtranged from me, as he now ſeemed, I ſtill felt for him ſuch filial reverence and tenderneſs, that, had at that moment my life been aſked as the price of releaſing him from his embarraſſments, I ſhould have reſigned it without a murmur. For many days after I heard nothing from my couſin but of my father's diſtreſs; and I ſaw gloom and uneaſineſs on his countenance. I could not, therefore, help wondering, that parties were ſtill formed, and that the expence of our reſiding in town, with carriages and ſervants, was not diminiſhed. My dreſs was rather more aſſiduouſly attended to than before; but I imputed that to the paſſion

ſion my couſin had for finery and faſhions. City dinners among ſome of Miſs Mabben's acquaintance now ſucceeded each other, and I vainly attempted to obtain permiſſion ſometimes to abſent myſelf. It was my father's pleaſure that I ſhould go. Mr. Burfill was always the contriver of theſe parties, and at one of them Mr. Wardenell was preſent.

Mr. Wardenell was then only about two and twenty: he was to poſſeſs a conſiderable property, and a lucrative buſineſs from his father, who having educated ill one whom no education could have done much for, was frightened at the turn for expence which his ſon had manifeſted, and was impatient to have him married in hopes that he would then detach himſelf from the dangerous acquaintance that he had made, and live ſoberly in the city, where civic honours and great wealth awaited him. Mr. Burfill had been employed by the father to find ſome young woman well educated, whom it was

probable Mr. Wardenell might like better than the daughter of a certain tradeſman whom he was ſuppoſed to prefer, from an alliance with whom the merchant's pride revolted, as if in a commercial nation, theſe diſtinctions could or ought to be preſerved, and eſpecially by a man who had raiſed himſelf from an obſcure ſituation to his preſent affluence. This old gentleman had before ſeen and approved of *me*, and I now was ſtill more approved by the ſon. Our meeting had been deſigned by Mr. Burfill and anſwered his expectations.

This man immediately became the confident of the paſſion, a fancied paſſion of the younger Mr. Wardenell. He knew with whom he had to do, and by affected difficulties picqued the vanity of his friend, who forthwith was induced to deſire leave to cultivate the acquaintance, and in a few days Mr. Burfill perſuaded him to declare himſelf. My father in the uſual form aſſured him, that however flattered by the propoſal of his alliance he muſt refer

refer him entirely to me. I was to be prepared for this ſcene; for it was not deſigned that I ſhould refuſe. My couſin was then employed to repreſent all the advantages of the marriage now in my power, and to enlarge on the envy I ſhould create in having handſomer clothes, furniture, and other things than any of my companions could pretend to. I told her that I ſcarce knew the gentleman by ſight, had really noticed him very little, and did not feel the leaſt inclination to prolong the acquaintance; that I deſired not to outſhine the friends with whom I had been uſed to live; and thought myſelf too young to enter into ſuch an engagement. From this converſation it was immediately underſtood, that if not abſolutely averſe, I was, at leaſt, indifferent to the perſon whom they deſigned for my huſband; and before the interview in which I was to give my anſwer took place, it was neceſſary for my father himſelf to ſpeak to me.

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That converſation is even now preſent to my memory.—Ah! my friend, the recollection is at this moment ſo freſh, that I cannot attempt to dwell on it. My father, whom I ſo tenderly loved, and whom my mother had taught me to conſider with equal reverence and affection, deigned to diſcloſe to me the real ſtate of his fortune. He repreſented to me the ſituation I ſhould be in were he to die, or were he compelled by the embarraſed ſtate of his affairs to quit England. This repreſentation as far as it related to my own deſtiny, made little impreſſion on me. But when my father humbled himſelf before his child, when he lamented the errors of his former life, and declared that nothing but my being well married could reconcile him to himſelf, or remove the dark cloud which hung over his future proſpects, I felt that it was impoſſible to oppoſe his wiſhes; and though he ſaid that he would not conſtrain me in the moſt important concern of my life, my

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deſire to make him happy overcame every other conſideration, and I had no longer a will of my own, nor did I ſuffer myſelf to feel any other wiſh than to obey him—I conſented, and then Miſs Mabben, aſſured of my being removed, immediately agreed to marry my father. My marriage was to follow in a few months. Wretched victim of miſtaken policy.—Poor unthinking ſacrifice!—far better had it been for me had I alſo gone to the grave with thoſe ſiſters, whom I had ſeen my mother ſo bitterly deplore. I have lived to envy them their early repoſe; I have lived to lament that Gertrude and I (as if it were to prove the blindneſs of that regret which parents feel for their infant children) ſurvived only to experience how many evils there are worſe than death.

But I am anticipating.—At that period of my life, at the thoughtleſs age of fifteen, with high health and ſanguine ſpirits, hardly ever having ſuffered any affliction but in the death of my mother, and entirely

tirely devoid of obſervation and experience, the evils that were preparing for me never entered my imagination; and whatever objections I made to change of place and of ſociety, they were ſoon obviated by my couſin, who found abundant reaſons for my being the happieſt young woman in the world. Much certainly now appeared that was in her idea a promiſe of happineſs, for Mr. Wardepell loaded her as well as me with preſents, ſome of them ſo expenſive, that I was called upon to admire the generoſity and rejoice in the affluence of my lover. I was ſoon ſurrounded by perſons whoſe lives were paſſed in inventing new modes of adorning, or I ſhould perhaps with more truth ſay, of diſfiguring the human form. My father, as he did not give me a fortune, though he could not be too liberal in the clothes and ornaments that were to be prepared for my marriage; in conſequence of hearing continually from my couſin and other of my friends

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whoſe opinions I had been taught to reſpect, that theſe fine things conferred happineſs, I ſet about trying to perſuade myſelf that they really did ſo. But this was not in my power.—Whatever I tried to appear, I felt, that I was far leſs happy now that I was dreſſed out and introduced into the various ſcenes where crouds aſſemble in ſearch of pleaſure, than I uſed to be wandering around my native place, when my ſolitary hours were ſoothed by indulging a paſſion for poetry, and even attempting to write it; a taſte which I ſoon underſtood would not be approved or even tolerated by the family of which I was deſtined to become a member.

My romantic flights were now therefore repreſſed, and I found it gave offence to ſpeak of loving the country, or to indulge my favourite propenſities either with the pen or the pencil. The father of Mr. Wardenell looked gravely doubtful of my ſkill in conducting a family, as if it were likely ſo young a perſon ſhould have any; and

conſequently in ignorance of the many ways of diſſipating money which were now adopted. How ſhall I give you, my dear Sophy, the picture of ſuch a character? How convey to you an idea of a man who purſued every expenſive amuſement, as it ſeemed only for the ſake of diſburthening himſelf of the money the purſuit of them coſt; for he really had no pleaſure in any. He had ſoon a family coming on, but he ſeemed to have no power to look towards futurity, or if ever he did, it was only to ſpeculate on the money he ſhould be able to command on his father's death. This however he was continually. To a man who had ſuch proſpects, it was not difficult to borrow; the ſums however that were called for beſides, ſums greatly exceeding his own income and for which applications were perpetually made to the old merchant, occaſioned a great deal of uneaſineſs. I was ſeverely taken to taſk, and heard myſelf blamed for want of œconomy when I

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had no power to œconomiſe, and of waſting money of the expenditure of which I was abſolutely ignorant. To explain the truth, had I had courage enough to attempt it, would have been, as I believed, to endanger the future intereſt of my children, by embroiling their grand-father with their father; nor could I hazard incurring the reſentment of him, to whom my life was devoted. But ſince I have poſſeſſed the power of reaſoning, which at that early age I had never dared to exert, I have thought that I have not blameleſsly ſuffered the penalties which always are inflicted on thoſe who promulgate falſehood or conceal truth. Yet what very young woman, circumſtanced as I was, would have acted with more firmneſs? Whatever might be the meaſure of my offence, I have been ſurely ſeverely puniſhed. I will ſay little of the domeſtic miſery which rendered all my attempts at concealment and conciliation abortive, as far as related to myſelf.

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Whatever I did, I found my unhappineſs encreaſe. My own friends all forſook a houſe where they were received ſometimes with civility, but oftener with ill humour and rudeneſs; they were not replaced in my opinion, by any of the perſons who ſtill kept up a ſort of formal intercourſe. I confined myſelf therefore almoſt entirely to my own houſe, and paſſed the hours that were not dedicated to my children, in reading, and my paſſion for books returned even among all the diſcouraging circumſtances of my ſituation. Shall I relate minutely the means by which my life was embittered? I will ſpare you and myſelf the recital. But when you have recollected every mode of expence by which the moſt affluent fortunes have been diſſipated, without ſplendour or even without comfort, you will probably have diſcovered ſome of thoſe ways to which I allude.

The father of Mr. Wardenell died at the end of about five years, and his death removed

ed the laſt reſtraint that remained. The money that was not already gone by thoſe bargains which are called poſt obit, now fled rapidly on variety of wings. Among other rages that for fine paintings had now its turn, in conſequence of an acquaintance with a connoiſſeur, who perſuaded Mr. Wardenell that he had an excellent judgment in pictures. This man's artful converſation and the expences he drew him into, accelerated the hour when it was much more convenient for Mr. Wardenell to go to the Continent than to remain in England, and he was perſuaded by this new friend, who had already made, as I believed, conſiderable advantage by his credulity, that it would be an admirable plan, and productive of undoubted advantages if he were to travel to Italy, where ſeveral collections of pictures by the moſt eminent maſters, were to be ſold in the courſe of the year, under circumſtances that would enſure to the purchaſer on conveying them to England, more than

than four times the money he would buy them for in Italy. Mr. Wardenell, who always was pleased with a project, embraced with avidity one that flattered two of his paſſions, vanity and avarice; for however contradictory it may appear, he was avaricious in the midſt of the wildeſt profuſion. There was yet another motive to induce him to embrace this ſcheme, the convenience of avoiding the debts that were accumulating againſt him, and eſcaping the unwelcome remarks of two or three friends of his father's, who, ſome out of regard to his memory, and others becauſe they had lent money to the houſe of which the father had been the ſupport, had freely remonſtrated with the ſon on his conduct. Would to heaven I had liſtened to one of theſe reſpectable men who conjured and implored me, as I valued my own and my children's ſubſiſtence, to exert myſelf with courage, and put an end to the infatuation that muſt infallibly ruin us all.

I was

I was ſtill a feeble-minded woman, I knew what I ought to do, but I had not courage to practiſe it. When duties thus claſh, how impoſſible it is to act without incurring either the cenſure of the world or ſelf reproach! Had I done as I was then adviſed to do, how loud would have been the clamour againſt me! From that clamour and the domeſtic contention I muſt have undergone, I ſhrunk in diſmay, but I have ſince ſeverely repented the puſillanimity which made me abandon the intereſts of my children, in the hope of temporary tranquillity which I did not obtain. After difficulties which ſerved only to urge Mr. Wardenell to purſue his project with greater eagerneſs, our journey was fixed, and we were to ſet out in ſearch of fine pictures, by the ſale of which a new fortune was to be made. I had then four children, with whom I moſt earneſtly deſired to remain in England; but I was not allowed a choice, and though at other times Mr. Wardenell ſeemed very

little deſirous of my company, he determined not to take this voyage without me. Edward, then ſeven years old, and my eldeſt girl were to accompany us. The two younger I was to leave. I had never till then been abſent from theſe little creatures, for whoſe ſake I had endured the miſeries of an ill-aſſorted marriage. As my underſtanding enlarged and my judgment was formed, it was impoſſible to ſtifle the conſciouſneſs of the ſacrifice that had been made, and I perhaps felt it the more acutely, becauſe my father for whoſe ſake I had made it, appeared totally to have forgotten that it was to comply with his wiſhes and rather againſt my own, that I had thus beſtowed myſelf. The conduct of Mr. Wardenell reſembled that of which Mr. Leiceſter had long ſince repented, in nothing but the expenditure of money. The manner in which they both had contrived to part with thouſands and tens of thouſands, differed eſſentially. My father therefore had a great contempt for Mr. Wardenell,

Wardenell, and did not ſpare either ridicule or remonſtrance, the firſt year or two after our marriage; while Mr. Wardenell knowing that he had himſelf been guilty of great imprudence, thought that he had no right to reprove another, and they at length entertained ſuch a mutual diſlike that they never met. I did not complain, however unhappy I was, for I had been taught, that it was a breach of that duty I owed my huſband, and I am convinced that if I had ventured to do ſo, Mr. Leiceſter himſelf would have repulſed me with reproof. Yet becauſe I tacitly ſuffered, and ſometimes endeavoured to palliate and apologize for the abſurd expences to which I was a melancholy witneſs, my father affected to believe I encouraged and promoted them; and availing himſelf of ſuch a cauſe of diſpleaſure, he gradually withdrew the little notice he had taken of me, and I never ſaw and ſeldom heard from him. Of one conſolation, that of believing that my father

loved me, and remembered my conduct with approbation, I was then deprived. Gertrude too, who had ſoothed and ſweetened many an anxious hour, was now no longer with me, and my affections were abſorbed by the exceſſive love I bore my children. Repreſsed on every other ſide, the tenderneſs of my heart centered in them. I was at the period I am deſcribing little more than four-and-twenty; I was ſaid to poſſeſs ſome perſonal advantages, but far from flying, as is moſt frequently done, into public, or purſuing what is called pleaſure as a ſubſtitute for the happineſs which it was impoſſible to find at home, I conſidered my children as making my ſole felicity, and as bleſſings that compenſated for the want of every other. Yet even this comfort had long been embittered by anxiety for their future fate, for I could not conceal from myſelf that their father was throwing away the money which ought to have been their proviſion. I was however young, ſanguine,

ſanguine, and perhaps romantic. I thought my children were not only more beautiful, but in underſtanding exceeded all others; the early promiſe of talent and temper in Edward, authoriſed this fond idea; and it ſeemed unlikely that creatures ſo lovely, and ſo amiable as I thought them, ſhould be abandoned by heaven, or not valued and admired by all the world. I had, you will remark, ſeen very little of that world, or I muſt have been cured of believing for a moment, that any advantages of perſon or mind could make amends for a deficiency of fortune. My viſionary hopes however, had been often delightful enough, to diſperſe for a little while the dark clouds of misfortune that had long been gathering in every direction around me. But when I was to part from my younger children, to leave for an indefinite term to the care of mercenary attendants, beings who were ſo young, as to make the tender vigilence of a mother neceſſary to their very exiſtence; my courage entirely

forſook me, and the anxiety and indeed anguiſh of my mind was ſo great, that my conſtitution ſunk under it, and an illneſs which had nearly proved fatal delayed our journey, and excited the impatience and ill humour of Mr. Wardenell, who could not bear to be diſappointed in a favourite project. I now again earneſtly entreated to be left behind: I repreſented that in my ſtate of health, I muſt be burthenſome and expenſive to him in ſo long a journey; that I might become ill on the road, and detain him till the purpoſe for which he intended going to Rome might be fruſtrated, and that under ſuch a failure of ſpirits as it was but too probable I ſhould ſuffer, I ſhould be likely rather to impede than promote his intereſt. My entreaties and repreſentations were vain, He had taken two ideas into his head, and they were now ſo fixed there, that every thing I ſaid, rather confirmed, than induced him to change them. The firſt of theſe was, that my knowledge of

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the Italian language, though I was not a proficient in it, would prevent the Italians from impoſing on him, who neither ſpoke nor underſtood any other tongue than his own. The ſecond notion was much more fatal to my peace.—He fancied that I preferred ſome other perſon's company to his, and therefore wiſhed to remain in England. Who this perſon was, he did not ſay; indeed it was impoſſible he ſhould, as there was not even the ſhadow of a pretence for ſuch a ſuſpicion. Somebody, however, he was ſure there muſt be, and he was determined that he would not, like fooliſh fellows who deſerved their diſgrace, give way to my pretences, and by leaving me in England give me an opportunity of ſeeing without interruption this inviſible friend. While my heart revolted at this unworthy outrage, by which even my affection for his children was converted into an excuſe for inſult and perſecution, I had yet reſolution enough to ſtifle the anguiſh I endured, or at leaſt

any expreſſion of it, and ſubmitted to renew with what activity I could now exert, the preparations for the journey. I prevailed however to carry my younger children with me, and took the whole trouble upon myſelf, that the expence might not be encreaſed by the neceſſity of adding another ſervant. I tried to forgive the invidious ſuſpicions Mr. Wardenell had avowed—to forget them was alas! impoſſible. I tried to expreſs my gratitude for being ſuffered to take my children, by aſſuming a chearful air, and making light, now that they were to be with me, of the fatigue of the journey. Mr. Wardenell was again to arrange with his friend the connoiſſeur, thoſe plans which my illneſs had interrupted. *His* had changed in the mean time, and I now heard with extreme concern yet without much ſurpriſe, that this man whoſe name was Renfield, was going to Italy alſo, and was actually to accompany us a part of the way; then direct his ſteps towards Paris, where he pretended

ed to have buſineſs, and to rejoin us again on the way, or at leaſt meet us at Rome, time enough to aſſiſt Mr. Wardenell with his judgment in the purchaſes that were to be made.

Though I was very ſure that this artful man had already poſſeſſed himſelf of conſiderable ſums of money, and equally perſuaded that Mr. Wardenell was to ſupply the expence of this tour, I knew that nothing I could ſay would have any effect. I believed Renfield already my enemy with my huſband, merely becauſe he imagined I was in the way of his views; but reflecting on ſome circumſtances which had not ſo forcibly ſtruck me till now, I fancied he muſt have ſome other motive, though I knew not what, for the advice which I was ſure he had given Mr. Wardenell to inſiſt on my going with him. Obſcurity is undoubtedly one great ſource of fear. I dreaded I knew not what from the deſigning character and powerful influence of this man. Yet during the firſt

part of our journey, he ſeemed to ſtudy nothing ſo much as my accommodation, or what he knew was more material to me, that of my children. Accuſtomed to travel on the continent of Europe, and ſpeaking French and German well enough to order and direct for us, I found myſelf in theſe reſpects relieved by his company. He was in another manner much more uſeful to me, by amuſing Mr. Wardenell and keeping him in tolerable humour, a taſk which muſt otherwiſe have fallen on me; and though I could not but believe that Mr. Renfield did this at the expence of his own veracity, and that it was to be paid for by ſome tax on my huſband's pocket, yet ſo dreadful had this ſervice often appeared to me, and ſo incapable of executing it did I now feel myſelf, that I almoſt forgot my former averſion to the man, in gratitude for this temporary relief.

When, however, he left us to paſs through the French Netherlands to Paris,

and we purſued our route in a contrary direction, I became more ſenſible of the advantage of his company. To travel through countries where the manners differ as much as the language from thoſe of our Iſland, is always attended with ſome inconveniences, which a man of fortune knows how to obviate, and a man of ſenſe ſmiles at. But to poor Mr. Wardenell theſe appeared to be moſt dreadful calamities. He could not bear the ſlighteſt difficulty if it affected his own perſon, and ſcolded and looked fierce at people who did not underſtand him, and would not have regarded him if they had. Being unable therefore to obtain from them either attention or redreſs, his anger, which always muſt be ſatisfied by ſome means or other, fell upon me, and I was reproached in the bittereſt terms, for not having provided againſt the uncomfortable beds and ill-dreſſed meals of the German inns. I was compelled to hear invectives from which I could not eſcape, and glad after a

fatiguing day's journey to give up to this gallant and tender huſband the beſt bed that could be found, and lie down on a mattreſs or even on a blanket by the ſide of my children. Some of his imaginary diſtreſſes were ſo ludicrous that amidſt the ill humour and haraſſing abſurdity I was ſuffering under, I often found it impoſſible to help laughing; and I was by this time ſo accuſtomed to ſuffer, not only real evils, but the fits and ſtarts of ſtrange temper with which thoſe evils were embittered, that though I ſometimes ſhrunk from the proſpect of enduring ſuch diſtracting trials during perhaps a long life, I at other times bore them with the ſort of indifference which habit often gives; and that ſometimes paſſes for patience, philoſophy, or invincible good temper. The particulars of our travels, preſent as they are even now to my memory, would be fatiguing to you. Perhaps there never was a journey to Italy made under ſuch circumſtances. With an inſatiable curioſity, a paſſionate admiration

admiration of nature, and ſome taſte for the arts, I thought myſelf too happy, if inſtead of going forth at the various places where we reſted, to ſee whatever was ſaid to be worth ſeeing, I was ſuffered to remain in quiet to attend to my tired children, and direct the repaſt that was to be ready againſt Mr. Wardenell's return from theſe ſights; but it very frequently happened, that inſtead of going out himſelf he remained at the hotel or auberge, execrating every thing he had ſeen, curſing the hour when he left England, and inſiſting upon it that it was my project, and that he ſhould never have thought of it if I had not firſt ſtarted the idea. It was in vain for me to remind him that ſo far from promoting I had oppoſed it. It was in vain I beſought him to recollect that when he determined in deſpite of my entreaties to undertake it, how earneſtly I had ſolicited to be left behind. Too proud to acknowledge his errors, and without thoſe generous feelings which ſhould make a man

man diſdain, even if he had truth on his ſide, to aggravate the diſtreſſes of a woman, it was his way conſtantly to diſcover that the difficulties he got into were occaſioned by any one rather than himſelf; and when there was no other perſon to whom thoſe faults could be imputed, I ſuffered the penalty. Sometimes during theſe fits of repentance and diſcontent, I ventured to obſerve that from whatever motive he undertook this journey, the ſhorteſt errors were the beſt, and that it would be wiſer to return to England than to purſue at ſuch an expence, a plan ſo uncertain in its event, and of which he was already weary. This advice was ſometimes heard in ſullen ſilence, and at other times motives were imputed to me ſo utterly foreign to any that had ever occurred to me, that I determined to endure tacitly whatever fate did with me, rather than aggravate my ſufferings by attempting to do my duty.

After

After many weeks of perils real and imaginary, exceſſive fatigue to me of mind and body, and at an expence about five times greater than the calculation that had been made, we at length arrived at Bologna, where it had been ſettled by letters from Mr. Renfield, that we were to wait his rejoining us, and Mr. Wardenell was to improve himſelf in connoiſſeurſhip by ſtudying the valuable pictures with which that city abounds. It was in Italy the commencement of ſpring. Every object that nature offered to my view would to me have been productive of pleaſure, if pleaſure could have been taſted even for a moment by one ſo continually perſecuted by ill humour and caprice. Alas! while in England I have felt no other ſenſation in ſeeing the loveliеſt landſcapes, than that of envying the female peaſants, who, aſſiſting in the fields, or employed at the doors of their cottages, have gazed with admiration on my coach and my ſervants, while they, perhaps, repined at their laborious poverty, and compared

pared it with the luxury and pleaſure which they imagined attached to my condition. After we entered Italy the women excited my regret ſtill more. That air of eaſe which their manner of dreſs gives them, becauſe it does not convey any idea of hard work, or betray the more diſguſting features of poverty; the beauty of their country, and the natural talents which the loweſt rank of people in it have for muſic, appeared to me to render them ſo happy, that I could not but contraſt their lives with that to which it was my lot to be devoted. The mind that is depreſſed by preſent evils has the unfortunate faculty, in a ſupreme degree, of recollecting the paſt, and anticipating the future. The days I had paſſed from my earlieſt youth in ſcenes ſo little adapted to my taſte, and in endeavouring to fulfill duties that had been impoſed upon me, though neither happineſs nor tranquillity repaid my moſt arduous exertions; the encreaſing weight of chains which I could neither eſcape from, or cover with flowers;

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and the apprehenſion of the future, of which probably the miſeries would be greater than I had yet ſuſtained; all this, added to my dread leſt my children ſhould be impoveriſhed and abandoned, made my life every day more wretched, and ſometimes threatened to deprive me of that reſolution which alone could mitigate or enable me to ſupport the ills I foreſaw for them and for myſelf.

To be miſerable where every thing around breathes of happineſs, has often ſeemed to me to redouble the anguiſh of the mind. Here at Bologna I was really wretched among thoſe, who only put on the ſemblance of ſorrow occaſionally as a matter of form. Proceſſions of penitents followed each other, and the churches were filled with women on whom penances had, I was told, been impoſed; but the hour of their enforced compunction at an end, they appeared to forget the contrition and the puniſhment; and amid the rigours of

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an Italian Lent, I ſaw all who were not in a ſtate of actual mendicity, going through their religious ceremony with gaiety, and anticipating the feſtivities of Eaſter; while on me one long penance ſeemed to be inflicted, without any alleviation but what aroſe from my fond affection for my children, and that was empoiſoned by the probability I foreſaw that they would inherit nothing but my misfortunes.

I had no letters of introduction, for Mr. Wardenell deteſted ſociety in England, and diſliked it ſtill more in a country where he was a ſtranger to the language. So that my time paſſed with as little variation or acquiſition of knowledge, as it would have done if I had lived during the ſame number of days in a country tōwn in England. This however I could have borne without a murmur. It was a negative evil, and ſhe who has only ſuch to endure is ſurely comparatively happy. More bitter and more oppreſſive were thoſe with which it was hourly my lot to contend.

You

You will naturally obſerve how extraordinary it was, that Mr. Wardenell, who had never been either among artiſts, or a frequenter of houſes where there are ſplendid collections of pictures, ſhould engage in the arduous undertaking of connoiſſeurſhip with a view to profit.—Ah! my dear Sophy, I am condemned to ſpeak of a man ſuch as ſurely is not often ſeen, and who was ſo little governed by thoſe motives or that reaſoning that in ſome way or other influence the maſs of mankind, that were I to finiſh the picture out with the very minute touches which a long enforced ſtudy would enable me to give it, you would ſay it reſembled nothing "*that this earth owns.*" But I ſpare you and myſelf this too faithful adherence to my original, and confine myſelf to facts which may ſerve to give a general idea of the difficulties and ſorrows I have contended with; nor ſhould I do this, had I not been urged to do it in juſtice to myſelf, for calumny (which I know has originated with the

the relations of the perſon whoſe name I bear,) has been buſy with me, and the groſſeſt falſehoods have been diſſeminated by thoſe, who hate in proportion as they or their connexions have injured me.

You will ſtill ſay, "But tell me what made Mr. Wardenell imagine he underſtood pictures?"—Alas! Sophy, what makes ſo many people of ſuperior abilities imagine they underſtand things of which they are abſolutely ignorant, and undertake employments for which they are abſolutely unfit? What is it but that exceſſive ſelf-conceit and deficiency of the faculty of the mind called judgment, which is the cauſe of ſo much miſchief, and the food of ſo much ridicule. Mr. Wardenell was convinced of his own qualifications, not only as a judge of pictures, but of every thing elſe; and though he always failed, and always loſt his money in thoſe ſpeculations, he uſually conſoled himſelf by aſſerting that he ought to have ſucceeded, and ſhould have done ſo if he had not been

been cheated. You may imagine that knowing how often his miraculous projects had failed in England, I was in terror when I reflected on the artful character, and insidious wit of the persons with whom he must of necessity deal as a purchaser of pictures in Italy. The nearer this scheme drew to its execution, the more immediately that epocha seemed to me to approach, when the concluding stroke would be given to the injured fortunes of my luckless children. I saw it with undescribable agonies, but I could not avert it.

It has always appeared to me, that whoever is really a judge of the perfection of art, must have received genius from the hand of nature. I do not deny but that a certain degree of mechanical skill may be acquired by observation, and by the habit of comparing, and its *appearance* we know is easily imitated by a man who possesses a tolerable memory to retain the marks and characters of different masters;

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has courage boldly to diſplay what he has learned by rote, and utter with a certain degree of confidence the cant of connoiſſeurſhip. But really to feel and judge of grace and beauty, an heart and underſtanding are undoubtedly required. For theſe reaſons, and becauſe I had no doubt of his mercenary motives, I did not imagine the arrival of Mr. Renfield would be otherwiſe beneficial than as he might keep his dupe out of the hands of other adventurers, to make a greater advantage of him himſelf. To me however, this chance ſuch as it was, was deſirable, for impatient to ſhew his knowledge, and to ſtrike ſome capital ſtroke before the arrival of his friend, Mr. Wardenell had already made acquaintance with ſeveral Italians, who, from what I could learn, perfectly underſtood, and were prepared to take advantage of him. Such was my apperhenſion of the event of all this, that I ſaw Renfield arrive with a degree of ſatisfaction, after we had been near three weeks at Bologna.

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The character of this man ſeemed to be changed. Inſtead of encouraging, as I thought he had done before, the neglect with which Mr. Wardenell often treated me, and irritating his ill humour, he now appeared deſirous of ſoftening to me the inconveniencies and difficulties of my ſituation. As I had always diſdained complaint, he could not directly addreſs himſelf to me on thoſe ſubjects which he knew occaſioned me the greateſt uneaſineſs, but he applied all his influence over the mind of Mr. Wardenell, and that influence was greater than ever, to induce him to treat me with leſs aſperity, and he endeavoured indirectly to diſcover what were my wiſhes. One of my children, a girl whom I moſt fondly loved, had always been of a very tender conſtitution, and I had frequently in England trembled for her life. The fatigues of our journey had a good deal alarmed me on her account, but ſhe had ſoon recovered from them, and I flattered myſelf the air of Italy would entirely reſtore

ſtore her health; but I now fancied ſhe again drooped, and new terrors aſſailed me when I reflected on the character I had heard of Italian phyſicians. Though Mr. Wardenell was ſometimes capriciouſly fond of his children, yet he now more frequently ſhrunk from the expence they neceſſarily brought, and he was angry when he found me in tears, and when it was out of my power to liſten with intereſt to his wild ſchemes, or undertake the quantity of writing about them, which it was invariably my taſk to execute.

Oh! Sophy, you have felt what it is to tremble for the life of a creature you fondly loved; and know even when your ſorrows are participated and ſoothed by the tenderneſs and kindneſs of the huſband and the father, how dreadful are the agonies which tear the heart of a mother gazing on the fading form of a beloved child. Imagine therefore what I muſt have ſuffered, who far from being conſoled by manly tenderneſs in theſe hours

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of lingering anguiſh, was reproached as having been the cauſe of that evil I deplored, and which I would have given my own life to have prevented.

At this period when my poor little girl ſeemed daily to decline, and every hour increaſed the deſpair of my heart, Mr. Renfield was more than ever ſolicitous to mitigate my uneaſineſs. There was ſtill ſomething in his whole conduct which I did not comprehend, and I ſometimes thought that he was acting a double part, and when alone with Mr. Wardenell ſpoke of me very differently than he ſpoke to me. This idea prevented my having that confidence in him, which his apparent zeal for my tranquillity and ſolicitude for my ſick child would otherwiſe have excited, and which, could I have believed them ſincere, would have induced me to have forgiven even his deſigns againſt the pocket of Mr. Wardenell. Divided as I now was, from all my friends, from my family, and from every human being to whom I could diſ-

burthen my heart; my mind (I have ſince thought it was a feeble and ill-regulated mind) leaned on the firſt ſupport that offered itſelf, and I almoſt conſidered as a friend, the man whom I had before ſhunned as an encroacher, and dreaded as an adventurer.

It was by his influence however over Mr. Wardenell, that we removed to Naples inſtead of remaining at Bologna, till the collection at Rome, on which Mr. Renfield had reckoned, were to be on ſale. The tumults that have ſince diſturbed the various ſtates of Italy were then hardly apprehended, though the revolutionary ſpirit had made a conſiderable progreſs, even in thoſe departments where it was once leaſt likely to make any impreſſion. Naples was, however, perfectly tranquil, and the novelty it offered had as much influence as Mr. Renfield's perſuaſions, and much more than any conſiderations that related to me and my children, in determining Mr. Wardenell to

repair

repair thither. His purchaſes at Bologna conſiſted of a few bad pictures, which however he diſpatched to England, with a *team* (if I may expreſs myſelf as they do of ſmall ſpaniels in England) of Bologna lap-dogs, or gifts to ſome Engliſh friends, and for his future amuſement.

Imagine us now at Naples, for I purpoſely ſpare you the hiſtory of our journies. My Emily ſeemed to derive conſiderable benefit from the change of air, my own ſpirits in ſome degree revived, and my heart leſs oppreſſed by the illneſs of my child, loſt a part of its ſenſibility to the other misfortunes that menaced me. Mr. Wardenell was ſomewhat leſs capricious and perverſe, for new purſuits now filled his ſtrangely conſtructed mind. It was never capable of embracing the great and ſublime objects of nature. He had no curioſity about Veſuvius, but was delighted with the boxes and other toys of little real worth made of lava; and though he was certainly ill qualified for an antiquarian, which requires great hiſtorical and

local knowledge, he was wonderfully delighted with certain pieces of rusty iron and odd-shaped pots, which were sold to him at an high price as part of the cabinet of a celebrated collector lately deceased, and which, he believed, were what he had bought them for, true and valuable antiques from Pompeii and Herculaneum. It was such a relief to me when he was thus occupied in a new pursuit, that my dread of the loss which I knew must accrue on this merchandize, was stifled by my desire of present respite. I have been extremely blamed for not endeavouring to stop this new source of hopeless expenditure, but I knew it not to be in my power, and that it was fruitless to hazard my fleeting tranquillity in the attempt.

I tried, however, what could be done by the influence of Mr. Renfield; but he declared to me, that here that influence totally failed, and that he had already risked a breach of their friendship by remonstrating with Mr. Wardenell on the injury which indulging

dulging his preſent paſſion might be to the more important purpoſe that brought him to Italy, and by which he had ſo often declared he hoped not only to repair his fortune, but to raiſe his family to a higher degree of affluence and conſideration. It was in the conference I thought it neceſſary to hold with Mr. Renfield on this ſubject, that he ſpoke thus:

"I know dear madam, that you have conſidered my intimacy with Mr. Wardenell as adverſe to yours and your children's intereſt. I have ſeen it with the deepeſt concern, yet I had no means of removing the impreſſion; no means that would not have more ſeverely wounded your peace and tranquillity. I was therefore willing to ſuffer in your opinion, rather than acquit myſelf at the expence of your repoſe, which, however hardly you have thought of me, it has been my firſt object to preſerve."

This was the firſt time Mr. Renfield had ever ſpoken in this ſtyle; I deſired to

underſtand him, adding, "you beſt know ſir, how ſuch a generous deſign as you now profeſs to have entertained, *can* be compatible with what I cannot be ignorant of your having done; I mean having encouraged Mr. Wardenell in many wild and hazardous ſchemes, and having received conſiderable ſums of money of him, under colour of carrying thoſe projects into execution."

"I am not to learn" replied he, in a grave and melancholy tone, "I am not to learn that ſuch has been the impreſſion you have received. Ah! Mrs. Wardenell, why is not permitted me to undeceive you? But no, I am unfortunate enough to be compelled to ſubmit to an imputation I do not deſerve, to encounter the diſlike of her whoſe good opinion I moſt ardently court; however, I have paſſed my honour, and whatever I may ſuffer, I dare not violate the word I have given."

He then left me with an air of concern, and it was ſome days before I had any opportunity

opportunity of converſing with him again. When I had, I attempted in vain to induce him to diſcloſe to me the real motive of actions which I could not but conſider as ungenerous, and even diſhoneſt. He reſiſted my attempts, yet with ſo much ſeeming candour, with ſuch an apparent concern for my happineſs, that at length he inſpired me with a ſort of dread of knowing the truth. I even fancied myſelf indebted to him for not withdrawing the veil which I now believed was between me, and the knowledge of calamity greater than I yet knew, and greater indeed than I felt myſelf able then to hear of with fortitude.

But however I feared to know, my mind was ſtill buſied in deſpite of myſelf with conjectures. One only appeared probable. It was, that Mr. Wardenell had formed ſome connexion the expence of which he rather choſe to place to the account of his projects, and that Mr. Renfield was the confident of his gallant-

ries. This ſuppoſition, which ſeemed to explain at once the many ſums that I knew had frequently and unaccountably diſappeared, and Mr. Renfield's myſterious behaviour, gave me no other pain than as it threatened with more rapid and irretrievable ruin my unfortunate children. I felt however all the abſurdity of expreſſing any perſonal jealouſy, and I reſolved to conceal my conjectures, and no otherwiſe notice to Mr. Renfield what had paſſed in our laſt converſation, than to conjure him to prevent as much as he could the laviſh expenditure of ſuch ſums of money as were I knew every day paid away for baubles of no real value; while I had reaſon to think the letters that reached Mr. Wardenell from England, were by no means of a purport to encourage or to ſupport theſe ſpeculations. Such were my fears, and ſuch the miſerable ſolicitude of my mind, when we were ſuddenly removed from Naples to Rome.

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My Sophy will not expect that her unfortunate friend ſhould give her a deſcription of this celebrated and aſtoniſhing capital. There was a time when I ſhould have delighted in writing what I know you and perhaps ſome other partial friends would have been pleaſed to have read; but my heart was what the French deſcribe when they ſay, "elle avoit le cœur ſerré." I find no Engliſh word that conveys to my apprehenſion exactly the ſame idea, and this "ſerrement du cœur," this dejection which drew over every object a veil that obſcured my faculties, and made me indifferent to every thing which would once have excited my curioſity, and gratified my taſte, was rendered more inſupportable by the return of my child's illneſs. I dare not truſt my pen with the detail of what I endured in a place, where others have gone to enjoy one of the greateſt pleaſures that perhaps can be enjoyed by a libéral and cultivated mind. I muſt however have been ſo wretched any where,

that the contraſt between what I was, and what I *might* have been, ought not to have given the leaſt additional weight to my ſufferings. I loſt my child!—and perhaps I did not in humility and contrition ſubmit to the blow that cruſhed me, nor ſufficiently conſider from how many evils my lovely Emily might be delivered, evils from which I knew my feeble hands could not ſhield her. I muſt paſs over a period which I cannot now think of without agony. The place where this calamity had happened to me was on many accounts become hateful to me; but certain that I carried with me incurable ſorrow, it ſeemed to me now a matter of indifference where I was, or what became of me. My only care, the only object to which I was ſtill ſenſible, was, to preſerve my remaining children; as to Mr. Wardenell, he ſeemed at firſt to feel concern, but as nothing ever happened contrary to his wiſhes, from which he did not take occaſion to reproach me, he preſently diſcovered

covered that if I had not inſiſted on bringing the children, Emily might ſtill have been living. Perhaps of all the ways by which a man can contrive to render his wife wretched, this of continually teizing her by imputing to her misfortunes which no prudence can avert, is the moſt inhuman, and the moſt difficult to be patiently endured.

Mr. Renfield failed not to offer in what appeared a moſt conſiderate and delicate manner, ſuch conſolation as friendſhip could afford to the wounds of the heart, but mine were beyond its reach. I fled from every body but my children; and even from the affecting attempts of Edward to comfort me, and the innocent queſtions of the others, I ſhould have eſcaped, if I could have been eaſy when I did not ſee them, or at leaſt hear their voices. The weather was now becoming extremely warm, and the lively verdure of ſpring withering beneath the powerful influence of the ſun. However contra-

ry it was to the cuſtom of the city I inhabited, I took every occaſion of going attended only by my maid and my children, into one or other of the gardens of thoſe villas where admittance was allowed, preferring thoſe leaſt frequented, or where Mr. Renfield had obtained permiſſion for me as a ſtranger to walk at any hour that I might chuſe. Edward, who was already a proficient in Italian, attended every afternoon an Abbé, who gave him leſſons in that language or in geography. On one of thoſe evenings when he was thus engaged, I took my two younger children and a female ſervant, and went to the gardens of the Villa Ludoviſi, which are not uſually open to the public, and were the moſt attractive of the gardens in or about Rome, becauſe of their graſſy walks, ſhaded with ilex, pine, and laurel, and the coolneſs afforded by the fountains which are literally "bordered with moſs," where the adder's tongue * and the flowering fern †

* Ophioglosſum.

† Oſmunda, Royal flowering fern.

ſtream

ſtream from among the old ſtone-work that forms their baſons, while the ſoothing ſound of the water is in uniſon with the hollow murmurs of very ancient cypreſſes, as the wind ſways their dark majeſtic heads, and ſighs among the magnificent avenues they form. Many curious reliques of antiquity, ſtatues, vaſes, termini, are ſcattered about theſe gardens, which ſeem dedicated to thoſe who delight in romantic ſolitudes. Evening was approaching, I walked languidly on, liſtening if I could yet hear the voices of my children, who having wandered away with their maid, were already at ſome diſtance. The ſmall church of Santa Beatrice, is near the encloſure, and from thence the "Miſerere" divinely ſung, juſt floated on the air. The ſounds were in uniſon with the temper of my mind. I had for ſome time almoſt forgot to weep, for cureleſs anguiſh, ſuch as is inflicted by the death of the object we love, ſeems to petrify the heart. But theſe plaintive ſounds, thus accidentally

heard amidſt a ſolitude where I could indulge my feelings, gave me the relief of ſhedding tears, and I had continued thus during ſome moments ſtill paſſing very ſlowly on, when another ſound bade me liſten on the oppoſite ſide, and as an harmonious female voice repeated very diſtinctly theſe Italian ſtanzas they forcibly arreſted my attention:

Solitudin profonda, a te ne vegno
A celar le mie pene, ed il mio pianté
E agli echi tuoi ſcuoppro gli arcani intente
Che alla ſteſſa amiſta ſvelare io ſdegno.

Queſto, ſacro al ſilenzio, ombroſo regno
Spira ſolo triſtezza in ogni canto,
E col ſuſſurro lor flebil cotanto
L' aure di dolce pieta dan ſegno.

The accents in which theſe lines were repeated were not, I thought, thoſe of a native of Italy, yet the tone and manner were faſcinating, and they ſeemed to be an echo of ſome compoſition very familiar to me. I moved a little before they were completed, and beheld extended on the graſs beneath the ſhade of a group of dark trees,

trees, one arm reclining on a ſarcophagus of Egyptian granite, a female figure which from its extreme elegance might have paſſed for one of thoſe forms which the Grecian ſculptors ſeem alone to have been capable of embodying. The face was concealed by a veil of the ſame light material as the reſt of the drapery, and I almoſt doubted whether it was not all marble that I ſaw. Abſorbed in her own reflections my near approach ſeemed not to be perceived by the ſtranger. I had loſt ſome lines of the little poem that ſhe was repeating, and heard only its cloſe:

> Ah! non negarmi almen, ſorte rebella
> Ripoſo in tomba, in queſt' amico ſuolo!

The deep ſigh which followed this ſoliloquy, and the whole appearance of the form that utttered it, increaſed the deſire I had to know more of one who ſeemed to be a ſufferer like myſelf. It was long ſince I had felt any curioſity about the beings who were uſually before my eyes. The pain and ſolicitude I had ſo continually

ally undergone, had rendered me indifferent to common occurrences, and the activity of my mind, repreſſed in the purſuits to which it was naturally diſpoſed, had perhaps taken a wild and romantic turn; ſuch an occurrence could not fail to attract and awaken me. Without much reflection as to the propriety of what I was about, I approached the perſon whoſe figure and voice had already excited ſo lively an intereſt. Footſteps ſo near ſeemed to recall her from her reverie. She threw back the veil that had ſhaded her face, and looked up. There was leſs of ſurpriſe in her countenance than of concern at being ſo unexpectedly interrupted; I felt that I ought to ſpeak, but at that moment I was incapable of doing more than uttering ſomething intended for an apology for having intruded, which I did in ſuch a very confuſed manner that the ſtranger immediately ſaid in Engliſh, not much more correct than my Italian; "You are an Engliſhwoman, Madam?"

Madam?" I replied in increaſing ſurpriſe that I was; "Ah, then," anſwered ſhe, "I muſt rejoice at our meeting, however I might otherwiſe prefer ſolitude; to me it is moſt delicious to hear the ſound of an Engliſh voice."

You will imagine that I took occaſion from this compliment to my country, to continue a converſation that might lead to the information I ſo earneſtly deſired to obtain; for if the firſt appearance of this young perſon had piqued my curioſity, it was redoubled when I had ſeen her face, and heard her ſpeak. She had ariſen after our firſt ſhort dialogue, and walked with me towards the part of the garden whither I imagined my children had rambled. It was time for me and them to return home, and (in my native language ſince ſhe ſeemed to prefer it) I took occaſion to expreſs ſome ſurpriſe that ſhe was alone in ſuch a place, obſerving that the hour was approaching when I apprehended it might be very unſafe. To this ſhe anſwered in

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very pleaſing though defective Engliſh, the terms have eſcaped me, I remember only the ſenſe; "Alas! I am not alone, I have a companion allotted me, but her taſte is contrary to mine, ſhe does not love ſolitude." I could not help internally ſaying, "I too have a companion allotted me whoſe taſte is contrary to mine." So naturally does ſelf recur, however we may be intereſted for others.

But every word uttered by this ſingular being increaſed my wiſh to know who ſhe was. "And where then," ſaid I, "is your companion?"

"She will be here ſoon," was the anſwer, "I was glad that for this evening at leaſt ſhe found a party of perſons of her own country with whom ſhe went, but before the evening cloſed, ſhe promiſed to return."

"But if you ſhould not meet her" ſaid I, "you will not ſurely venture to walk to your habitation, which I preſume is in the city before us, alone and unprotected,

tected, at a time when you know it is quite unuſual for women of condition to be ſeen, and I ſhould imagine extremely unſafe."

"I have a ſervant and a conveyance" replied ſhe, "waiting for me at the portico below the terrace; but probably my friend herſelf will not forget me."

"This lady your friend is I preſume an Italian?"

"No, nor am I native of Italy; the lady with whom I am left is of Nice, I am of Switzerland."

"But you have been ſome time probably in this country, ſince you ſpeak Italian like a native?"

"Not like a native," was the reply, "but I have tried to acquire it becauſe"—ſhe heſitated a moment, "becauſe it was a very favourite language of one whoſe approbation I moſt courted, and whoſe pleaſure I moſt deſired to promote; but" continued ſhe, ſpeaking more rapidly, and in French, "but I am entering into a detail which cannot intereſt you, madam. I

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am too apt to fancy that others feel and think as I do; and forget my diſcretion in the pleaſure I am ſenſible of when an opportunity offers of addreſſing myſelf to an Engliſh lady."

I had now I thought a very proper occaſion to aſk for a continuance of this accidental acquaintance, and I availed myſelf of it.

"I would have ſolicited this favour, for ſuch indeed it is," anſwered this charming girl, in a dejected manner, "but I am conſcious that I ought not, for what can I communicate but pain to a generous heart? and wherefore ſhould I do that, hopeleſs as I am of relief, but from the quarter whence all my unhappineſs now, as once all my happineſs, has ariſen."

"That one ſo young and ſo lovely," replied I, "ſhould have reaſon to ſpeak thus, I cannot but lament; but in honouring me with your confidence, you will at leaſt find one who knows too much of the miſeries of life herſelf, not to be gratified if it be in her power, even by the little ſympathy

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can do, to alleviate the ſorrows of another. That the wounds of the heart can be healed in many inſtances, only by the hands that inflicted them, or cicatriſed by the ſlow operation of time, I know too well; yet perhaps the voice of friendſhip may ſooth the pain it cannot cure, and however unuſed to form ſudden friendſhips, or to make profeſſions after ſo very ſhort an acquaintance, I will believe that in your mind, as in your perſon, there is ſomething that well authorizes the partiality I already feel."

I recollect, my Sophy, the purport of what I ſaid myſelf, but I cannot do juſtice to the anſwers of my young friend, nor the graceful manner in which ſhe beſought me to continue to think favourably of her, "for I have been" ſaid ſhe "an inconſiderate, perhaps a blameable creature, and have been guilty of unguarded actions, and ſuffered ſeverely from my thoughtleſs temper. But there" added ſhe, "is Madame D'Orimarre, and now I muſt

I muſt bid you adieu!—Let me however know where I can ſee you again."

I gave her from my pocket-book a card on which was written my name and that of the hotel I inhabited; I told her I ſhould again be in the ſame gardens the following day, and deſired her to meet me there that I might conduct her to my preſent abode; and I own that while I thus ſpoke, I endeavoured to prolong the time that I might be enabled to judge of her companion who was approaching from the other termination of a long avenue.

This French woman who now drew near, was a ſtriking contraſt both in manner and figure to her young friend. She was however handſome, and I thought about ſeven or eight and twenty. Her figure though what may be called too fat, would have been graceful, as ſhe was well made, had not an air of confidence in, or rather preſumption on her own advantages and the arts viſibly uſed to add to them, leſſened or deſtroyed the effect of what nature

nature had done for her. From the ſlight idea I had formed of her before I ſaw her, ſhe materially differed. I had imagined her to be a grave and ſententious governeſs, who had been engaged by doubting and anxious friends to ſuperintend the conduct of perhaps a romantic and eccentric young beauty; but Madame D'Orimarre appeared to me rather to require a monitreſs, than to be herſelf qualified for the monitreſs of another. Her manner was fluttering and giddy, and her large dark eyes ſeemed perpetually in ſearch of ſome object on whom they might exerciſe their powers, while ſhe did not wholly diſdain to attract the attention, ſince ſhe, I believe, thought ſhe excited the envy, of her own ſex, for when I was by my new acquaintance named to her, as an Engliſh lady, ſhe began to ſpeak Engliſh, or ſomething which ſhe imagined to be Engliſh, and having diſplayed her "ſcavoir faire" in that language, ſhe contrived before we reached the portico to ſhew me, that ſhe alſo

alſo ſpoke Italian, and left me in no doubt of her volubility and readineſs in her own language, after our firſt ſaluration. Her fair companion informed her of my name, country, and the wiſh ſhe had to cultivate my acquaintance; to which Madame D'Orimarre aſſented with a readineſs which ſurprized me, becauſe I imagined her friend had appeared to believe herſelf under ſome reſtraint. Though I did not by any means feel ſo great an inclination to know more of Madame D'Orimarre as I did of my firſt acquaintance, I could not relinquiſh my wiſh of knowing the hiſtory of the latter, becauſe the former had ſomething in her manner which if it did not create diſguſt, excited doubt as to her real character; perhaps theſe very doubts made me think of the very young woman who was, I believed, dependent on her care, with more compaſſionate intereſt. Urged therefore by ſuch conſiderations, and unwilling to repreſs the inclination I felt for the young-

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eſt of theſe friends, I heſitated not to engage them both to viſit me; and the next day was named for them to come to me at an early hour, or what we ſhould think ſo in England. Madame D'Orimarre propoſed the gardens of the villa Borgheſe, as thoſe whither ſhe wiſhed we might afterwards adjourn for our walk; "parceque les Jardins Ludoviſi——etoient ſi triſte, ſi morne."—To this, however, I objected, as the gardens ſhe had named, being open to every body, were diſagreeably public. We agreed, therefore, (for my young friend was entirely of my opinion,) to reviſit the Ludoviſi; and as my children and their ſervant had now rejoined me, I took leave of my new-made acquaintance, who at the ſame time entered the carriage that was waiting for them, and we parted for the evening.

The Narrative of Leonora, addreſſed to her Friend, thus proceeds.

THERE is a book, I believe, called "Great Events from little Cauſes." I have frequently pondered on the trifling circumſtances, which, by a chain of unforeſeen and improbable conſequences, have led to the moſt important concluſions in private life. To circumſtances of apparently as little importance, may be imputed ſome of thoſe events which have involved the happineſs or miſery of millions, and the fate of many nations of the earth. I think I have ſomewhere ſeen an anecdote which relates, that the fortunate cloſe of the war which had deluged Europe with blood, was brought about becauſe the Ducheſs of Marlborough refuſed her miſtreſs, Queen Ann, a new pair of gloves: and I believe if the real motives of thoſe wars which have depopulated the world could be diſcerned, they would, what-

whatever important cauſes have been aſſigned to them, be found to have originated in the pride or folly of ſome individual, unworthy to manage a village ſchool, but to whom it has pleaſed heaven to entruſt the government of the poor creatures of the earth.

But I am digreſſing from myſelf, who am, you know, at leaſt one of the heroines of my own tale. Theſe reflections, however, were ſuggeſted by my conſidering the apparently inconſequential circumſtances that introduced another, who will take a conſiderable part in the ſequel of my ſad hiſtory.

When I was alone I recalled the ſcene that had paſſed; and while I conſidered the appearance and manners of the laſt of my new acquaintances, I began to doubt whether I was not acting improperly in cultivating the intimacy of either of them. Yet the recollection of the young woman I had firſt met, dwelt with ſuch faſcinating influence on my mind, that I could not

determine to relinquiſh the pleaſure which I believed it muſt give me to converſe with, perhaps to aſſiſt, in ſome way or other, a creature ſo lovely and ſo unfortunate. I own there was a degree of romantic enthuſiaſm in this; but I have much to ſay in its extenuation. Gertrude, my beloved ſiſter, had long ſince been divided from me; and this young ſtranger, who was about the ſame age, ſeemed to be ſent to fill that place in my heart which her abſence, and the infancy of my only remaining girl, left vacant. Whatever, therefore, appeared objectionable in her companion, who had certainly very much the air of a woman of intrigue, I perſuaded myſelf that my new favourite, whoſe appearance and manners were totally different, was thrown by ſome accident, in which her own inclination had no part, on the protection, and was probably in the power of one whoſe diſpoſition was not congenial with her own.

The

The arguments thus ſuggeſted by the lively intereſt I took in this unknown young perſon, quieted the ſuſpicions which prudence, and, indeed, judgement offered. Nothing had lately awakened me from the torpor into which my mind had been accuſtomed to ſink, from the mere hopeleſſneſs of ever taſting happineſs, or even tranquillity. But now I once again felt a ſolicitude in ſomething not immediately relating to my own children, and looked forward with a conſiderable degree of impatience for the time when I was again to meet my young friend.

It came; and if I had before conceived for her a degree of regard, ſuch as a new acquaintance had hardly ever the power of inſpiring, it was greatly increaſed by this ſecond converſation. Her companion had on this day engagements, which ſhe probably preferred to a female party only, and ſent an excuſe which I was very willing to accept.

Inſtead, therefore, of the rendezvous ſhe had propoſed, we returned to our favourite haunt in the Ludoviſi gardens: their being "triſte et morne," was to us a recommendation.——Alas! my dear Sophy, do not blame me for this ſudden attachment; do not ſay that a woman ſome years married, the mother of a family, ſhould have repreſſed this warmth of immediate and unauthoriſed friendſhip, which is juſtly conſidered as an error, even in the age of inexperience. Before you condemn me, recollect how long my heart had preyed upon itſelf, devoured by its own miſeries;—how long it was ſince I had heard the ſoothing ſound of friendſhip and ſympathy, from a being who could feel and think as I did, and you will ſurely find many excuſes for my conduct. Nor did theſe conſiderations alone influence me. I thought that my remaining little girl, though yet an infant, might one day need advice and protection, as much as this lovely

lovely and forlorn young woman appeared to want it now; and I determined to act towards her, as I would that ſome benevolent woman, with more power than I had, ſhould act towards a child of mine, who might be friendleſs in a ſtrange land.

With theſe impreſſions and reſolutions in her favour, how could I help being enchanted with the frankneſs, the ſimplicity, the thouſand graces of the young creature I am deſcribing? It is true that I ſaw ſhe was romantic, and even wildly enthuſiaſtic; but I had at that time too much tendency to thoſe faults myſelf to be very rigid in my remarks on another. The affectation with which that ſtyle of talking is often aſſumed, would inſtantly have diſguſted me, but here was no affectation. I muſt tell the ſtory of her wanderings, and of her misfortunes, as ſhe herſelf told it; for no words but her own can do her juſtice. I give them to you as well as

I can through the medium of another language; though it is impoſſible to convey to you what I felt myſelf—the inexpreſſible graces of her manner.

GUIL-

GUILELMINE DE MORTIVALLE.

YOU already know I am of Switzerland. In a country that has long boaſted of the inflexible ſpirit and love of freedom of its inhabitants, it is ſtrange that ariſtocratic notions, and the pride of birth, ſhould have ſuch powerful influence over the upper ranks; but the Baron de Mortivalle, my father, though a native of Switzerland, had received his education in France; and having entered early in life into the ſervice of the French monarchy, had himſelf a regiment, and my elder brother a majority, when the revolution began, in which the Helvetic ſtates have ſince been ſo deeply involved. I was then very young; for I have not yet reckoned eighteen years.

I had a mother, with whom my days were paſſed in tranquillity and happineſs.

She was the beſt, the gentleſt, the moſt indulgent of women. We lived ſo much alone, that my whole heart was devoted to her; for my father I ſeldom ſaw. The paternal fortune, which had been ſufficient for his anceſtors, was now ſo much leſſened, from the change of manners, and the loſs of a proceſs at law with another branch of his family, that it was by no means equal to the ſupport of the rank on which he prided himſelf, and which it was his ambition that his ſons ſhould be able to preſerve in undiminiſhed luſtre. It was not as the citizen of one of the cantons that this could be done; and he had inſenſibly attached himſelf to the manners of the court, in whoſe ſervice he had entered at an early age, and to which he dedicated his eldeſt ſon as ſoon as he was able to bear arms.

From early habit, this young man became what his father had deſired to ſee him: his ideas were thoſe of a French ſubject; and his ambition only to attain an high rank

rank in the armies of the King of France, where, in the nominally Swiſs regiment, commanded by my father, though hardly a third of the men were of that nation, my elder brother was, at an early age, promoted to a majority: but the younger, who had remained, till he was turned of ſeventeen, at the paternal houſe, and whoſe education had been more that of a Swiſs, was yet only a ſubaltern; and, being placed in another regiment, was, ſoon after he firſt entered it, ſent to Martinique, from whence he returned with the corps he belonged to, in 1790, being then about nineteen. Such was the ſituation of our family at that period; I was only in my fifteenth year; and, except that my mother had taken me three or four times to Lauſanne, I had never ſeen any thing beyond the beautiful and romantic country overlooking the lake where I had drawn my firſt breath. Among my mother's collection of books, where I was ſuffered, and even encouraged, to paſs many hours, I acquired

ideas of the world which did not give me any wiſh to enter it. It was not unnatural that Rouſſeau ſhould be my favourite author; for I ſaw not, indeed I have never yet ſeen, thoſe of his works which are ſaid to prove his life contradictory to his principles, and ſo unworthy of his morality. Nor do I wiſh, or will I ever ſee them. The delight his enchanting writings have given me, I will not have polluted: if it is illuſion, I deſire not to have the illuſion diſſolved!

But, my dear madam, you will, perhaps, ſmile at the romantic folly of your young friend, if I tell you all; I will hazard it, however. Situated in many reſpects like Julie, I fancied that I ſhould emulate her character in all but its fatal errors: but I had no beings near me that reſembled, or that my fancy could elevate into any thing at all like thoſe who made her deſtiny. My mother was, indeed, in many reſpects like the Baroneſs de L'Etang; and my father had the faults and the feelings of the

the Baron. I lived almoſt in the very midſt of the ſcenes that the faſcinating pen of Jean Jacques has deſcribed. Can you wonder that my heart ſought a St. Preux and a Claire? Alas! I was but a child; and it is, perhaps, on impreſſions received at the age I then was of, that the future character depends; and the ideal Julie has poſſibly influenced the life of the real Guilelmine. The convulſions which have now for ſo many years agitated Europe, were then rapidly increaſing; and uneaſineſs on account of political affairs for the firſt time reached our abode at Mont Galaciel. We heard that of the regiment my father commanded, a great part had gone over to the Convention; that three of his officers had fallen victims to the fury of the ſoldiers, in attempting to reduce them to obedience, while the Baron and his eldeſt ſon, having narrowly eſcaped with their lives, had attached themſelves, with the ſmall remains of their corps, to another regiment, and waited, at ſome diſtance

diſtance from Paris, the orders of thoſe who acted for the King.

If this account filled my mother's mind with uneaſineſs and apprehenſion, in which, though leſs able to judge of conſequences, I very truly participated, the letters we received from Felicien, my younger brother, were very little calculated to appeaſe our anxiety. He told us that the ſentiments he had, in early youth, imbibed from his tutor at Galaciel, had made it impoſſible to behold with indifference the ſcene then paſſing in France; ſtill more impoſſible for him to devote himſelf to the party to which his father and his brother adhered. They had their principles and motives—he had his: it was not in his power to yield up his conſcience to his private affections; and where the duties of a man claſhed with thoſe of private life, he muſt conſider the firſt as paramount to every other. To avoid the conſequences of his father's indignation on one ſide, or the reproaches of his own conſcience

conſcience on the other, he muſt ceaſe to take the pay of France, as he could no longer bear arms for the monarch he had ſworn to ſerve, and would not take them up in a cauſe which might, at no very diſtant period, bring him into the field in hoſtile oppoſition to his father and his brother. He had therefore given in his reſignation, and having done ſo, haſtened as a private individual to throw himſelf at the feet of the Baron, ſtate the reaſons for what he had done, and implore his forgiveneſs. "But my father," ſaid Felicien, "my father forbade me ever again to addreſs him by that revered name; he renounces, he diſclaims me; nor, ſince I could not recede from the reſolution I had taken, did I dare to ſolicit leave to ſee you, my beloved mother, and Guilelmine, once more, before your Felicien, who, whatever may become of him, will not ceaſe moſt affectionately to love you, takes of you, and of his native country, a long, perhaps a laſt farewell! Alas! my mother,

ther, your ſon has not deſerved the reproaches with which his father has in his wrath loaded him. But I dare not, I will not defend myſelf againſt him: yet ſurely in one inſtance, and in one alone of a private nature, I may diſobey him. I muſt ſee you, my mother—I muſt ſee Guilelmine before I quit my native country. Do not refuſe me admittance; let not the doors be ſhut againſt one who could in no other inſtance diſobey his father. Yet, if his commands have reached you to refuſe me this laſt favour, I know that he muſt be obeyed, and I will ſubmit whatever it may coſt me. With a young Engliſhman, who thinks as I do, and who has acted on the ſame principles, I ſhall almoſt immediately leave this country, and poſſibly almoſt as ſoon as you receive this letter, your ſon may, from his native mountains, be within ſight of the paternal houſe that contains two of the beings deareſt to him on earth, but of which the doors may be cloſed upon him for ever."

You

You who are a mother, you may form ſome idea of what mine felt when ſhe read ſuch a letter from the ſon ſhe beſt loved; for Felicien having been longer with her, and having a milder and more affectionate temper than D'Aſpermond, (her eldeſt ſon,) ſhe had never been able equally to divide her affection between them, and Felicien was, I believe, dearer to her even than Guilelmine. Married at a very early age to a man of that hard and imperious character which is, I believe, common enough—a man who thought it beneath the dignity of his nature to conſider his wife otherwiſe than as an inferior creature, who was to continue his family, and obey his will, my mother had never, till within the laſt years of her life, ventured to ſuppoſe that ſhe had an underſtanding or a will of her own. Left, however, in ſolitude, or ſolitude relieved only by the company of her daughter; feeling herſelf unhappy, and compelled to read, a new train of ideas had followed; and

and though ſhe ſtill trembled before the ſtern and imperious authority of the Baron, neither the early impreſſions of her youth, which were thus awakened, (for ſhe had been bred up among the republicans of Geneva,) nor the voice of reaſon and of juſtice, would ſuffer her any longer to conſider herſelf as the mere creature of another, without an opinion or will of her own; nor did ſhe wiſh that I ſhould acquire the ſame notions of unqualified ſubmiſſion. When, therefore, to theſe ſentiments, the ſtrong impulſe of maternal love was added, Madame de Mortivalle was by no means diſpoſed to refuſe admiſſion to her ſon; and even had ſhe already received, as Felicien imagined, the prohibition of her huſband againſt receiving him, it was more than probable her obedience would have failed.

No ſuch order, however, had been named to her by my father, nor was there any mention of his youngeſt ſon in thoſe laſt written. If my mother was before diſpoſed

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to think unlike her husband, the maternal affections were now all enlisted on the side of her son; and while she would have resigned her life to have reconciled them, she was, when compelled to take a part with one or the other, influenced, not so much by her own opinions, as by the excessive affection which she had always felt for Felicien, who was and is a young man of whom any mother might justly be proud. My mother, however, foresaw, and foresaw with anxiety, all the consequences that might follow this schism, and dreaded the loss of the little domestic comfort which my father's harsh temper and despotic opinions had ever allowed her to enjoy.

Her more immediate solicitude, as well as mine, was directed to Felicien, whom we now every hour hoped, yet almost feared to see. Some days, and even weeks passed: the storm with which the march of the French revolution darkened the horizon, seemed particularly to menace Switzer-

Switzerland; yet we heard not immediately from the Baron during all this time: his dependants and tenants, who did not love him, were hardly reſtrained by their affection for my brother from joining with the diſcontented in the Helvetic ſtates; and a criſis appeared to be near and inevitable. Our ſituation became every day more uneaſy; we heard that my father and his eldeſt ſon had emigrated, and ſought refuge either in England or in Spain; and it was certain that the regiment he commanded was diſperſed. I ſaw my mother growing every day more apprehenſive, yet endeavouring to conceal it from me; and I who, young as I was, could not be ignorant how much cauſe ſhe had to be unhappy, tried to conceal the uneaſineſs I ſuffered, leſt it ſhould ſtill more depreſs her anxious ſpirits. The wild and vague reports that every day reached our ſolitude, ſerved to irritate and keep alive the fears of various ſorts that aſſailed us; and we thought we ſhould have

have ſuffered leſs had we known the truth, however dreadful it might be.

One day, after having for almoſt a month vainly expected news from the Baron, and from D'Aſpermond, my elder brother, or on the other hand from Felicien; my mother, unable to endure ſuch tormenting uncertainty, ſent an intelligent ſervant, and one on whom ſhe could beſt depend, to the neareſt town, to collect ſome information as to the actual ſtate of public affairs, by which our conjectures, as to my father and brother, might be in ſome degree aſſiſted. The diſtance was ſeventeen miles; but it was early ſummer; the days were long; and as he began his journey before the dawn, we expected him back at night-fall. My mother, whoſe health had been conſiderably impaired by the uneaſineſs ſhe had undergone, was on this evening ſo much indiſpoſed, that ſhe was compelled to retire to her bed, deſiring me to ſee the meſſenger as ſoon as he returned, and convey to

to her whatever information he might bring.

The hour was already paſſed when I had expected him, but the man did not arrive. I became impatient; and with that reſtleſſneſs which I am always childiſh enough to feel while I wait for news that intereſts me, I wandered out to meet him, and was ſoon at a conſiderable diſtance from the houſe.

If you paſſed through Switzerland in your way to this country, you will recollect the ſcenery, which, perhaps, it is weakneſs in me thus to attempt deſcribing; but you will underſtand my reaſons for it, and if I am tedious you will forgive me.

It was one of thoſe evenings when the balmy breath of heaven, and the freſh verdure of the earth, unite to ſooth the ſenſes of the fortunate with ideas of felicity; but make the unhappy ſtill more acutely feel the ſorrows which deprive them of enjoyment. The houſe of Mont Galaciel is ſituated mid-way on an Alpine height;

and

and from this rocky eminence is a view over the lake, at the diſtance of three miles; its bays and woody ſhores, with their hamlets and villas, were diſtinctly ſeen. The dark trees that clothed the ſide of the mountain made the fineſt fore-ground for ſuch a landſcape; and as, from a rocky promontory crowned with firs, that reared its rugged front immediately above them, I looked on this lovely ſcene, I enquired, wherefore, amid this elyſium, had miſery made its way? Every object that ſurrounded me ſeemed to ſpeak of tranquillity and happineſs; but care and anxiety had now uſurped the place of that gay and ſanguine ſpirit, which, while it had made me ſatisfied with the preſent, taught me to colour the future with the glowing hands of youthful confidence.

I ſtood gazing on the path-way for ſome moments, when I ſaw a figure moving along; it was, I concluded, the expected meſſenger. On a nearer approach

it ſeemed to be another perſon. The ſtranger was ſoon immediately under the place on which I ſtood, and near enough for me to ſee his figure, which ſo much reſembled that of Felicien, that I uttered an involuntary exclamation. He looked towards me; and the illuſion immediately vaniſhed. It was not my brother. In a moment he was on the eminence; and in a manner which, though confuſed, was intereſting, he inquired if he did not ſpeak to the ſiſter of Felicien, to whom he gave no other appellation; and when I anſwered in the affirmative, and eagerly enquired whether my brother was near, he replied, that he was not far diſtant, and added, "Not knowing whether he was permitted to throw himſelf at his mother's feet, your brother ſent me to make that enquiry. I am fortunate in having met with you; may you enable me to carry ſatisfactory intelligence to my friend."

While in breathleſs agitation I took with the ſtranger the way to the houſe of

of Mont Glaciel, he told me that Felicien was at a village in the valley beneath—that he was ſo impatient to know his mother's reſolution, that it was almoſt cruel to leave him even a moment in ſuſpence. "If," ſaid he, "you are aſſured, Mademoiſelle, that Madame de Mortivalle will receive him, why not allow me to bring Felicien with me?"—I can repeat the words of the young Engliſhman; but I ſhould very vainly attempt to deſcribe his manner. I hardly know, indeed I was hardly conſcious at the time what I anſwered. My ſpirits were tumultuouſly aſſembled round my heart. There was, in the enthuſiaſtic friendſhip which the ſtranger appeared to feel for my favourite brother, a charm that would, in my eyes, have made deformity attractive: but when this rare ſenſibility was found in ſuch a young man as Fitz Euſtace, was it likely that a heart new to all other affections but thoſe of filial reverence and fraternal love, could eſcape? My mother, my indulgent mother, was

too much delighted at ſeeing her ſon reſtored to her, to be inſenſible of the merit of the friend who had been the means of his preſervation; for it appeared that Fitz Euſtace had ſaved the life of Felicien, on an occaſion where they were both in the moſt imminent peril, and from which they could have been extricated only by a ſudden effort of deſperate courage.

This anecdote, which Felicien was eager to tell, added to his perſonal merit, recommended Fitz Euſtace immediately and ſo ſtrongly to my mother, that her affection for him ſeemed to equal that ſhe felt for her ſon; but it was not in her power to forget, that the Baron de Mortivalle had already rejected for ever the ſon to whom ſhe was herſelf ſo fondly attached, and that againſt a ſtranger whoſe principles were equally adverſe to his own, the doors of Glaciel would have been cloſed, had the poſſeſſor himſelf been within them: yet ſhe could not determine to declare this inhoſpitable truth to the friend and preſerver

ſerver of her ſon, nor to ſend that ſon from the houſe where he had firſt ſeen the light, and where his infancy and childhood had formed one of her principal delights, and ſweetened the auſperity of his father's unamiable and violent temper. Felicien ſaw the pain theſe ideas brought with them; and as he knew too well what the conſequences were likely to be to her, he implored her to allow him to depart for England, before my father was apprized they had in his abſence been received there. She could not determine to part with her ſon without making, at leaſt, one effort to ſave him from perpetual exile; and ſhe reſolved, at whatever hazard to herſelf, to write to my father.

Nothing, perhaps, but maternal love could have given Madame de Mortivalle ſo much courage: but her tenderneſs for Felicien conquered her fear of his father. It was not, however, without difficulty that ſhe perſuaded my brother and his Engliſh friend to wait the return of the

ſervant ſhe employed to find my father; and Mr. Fitz Euſtace, who by this time perfectly underſtood the ſituation of my mother, and at how great a hazard ſhe had exerciſed towards him her hoſpitable kindneſs, declined continuing at Glaciel, but agreed to take up his abode in the neighbourhood, where he would wait the iſſue of this application; and if his friend was reſtored to the paternal houſe, he ſhould, he ſaid, rejoice in his happineſs, however he might regret the neceſſity of returning alone to England.

But ſome days before this arrangement was made, I had diſcovered that it was not only the friendſhip of Mr. Fitz Euſtace for Felicien that determined him to remain in Switzerland: he had conceived an affection for the ſiſter, while he remained waiting on the deſtiny of the brother. I need not ſurely ſay that to the merit of ſuch a man I was not, I could not be inſenſible. My mother ſaw him with eyes almoſt as partial as mine; but ſhe did not forget, I

nor

nor ſuffer me to forget, that I had a father, whoſe prejudices were all againſt the probability that he would ever hear of my being united to my lover.

I will candidly own that my father had been always the object rather of awe and reverence, than of tenderneſs and affection. Haughty and unbending in his nature, and the partizan of deſpotic monarchy, the ſocial and domeſtic manners of the Swiſs had never been a part of his character or habits; and his cold and unfrequent viſits had, during the earlier part of my youth, left no other impreſſion on my mind than ſomething much nearer allied to terror than to love. His conduct towards Felicien had ſo greatly increaſed this ſentiment, that I trembled even to think of him. Ah! imagine then what I ſuffered when he ſuddenly arrived—when, driven by one of thoſe ſudden changes that have ſo ſhaken all calculations on what was probable, this father, ſo awful even in the calmer hours of life, appeared

unexpectedly at Glaciel, and found there the ſon, the rejected and anathematiſed ſon, whom he had baniſhed for ever from his affections; and with him a man of that nation which, as being once the vindicator and protector of liberty in Europe, he, above all others, held in abhorrence. I cannot deſcribe the ſcene; for my ſenſes were bewildered and even ſtunned. It ended in a ſeparation between my parents; for my mother, all gentle and paſſive as ſhe was accuſtomed to be, was no longer ſubmiſſive when it was required of her either to abandon her children, or, by going with them, renounce her imperious maſter, whom ſhe thought violated the laws of reaſon and of nature. Thus driven by this fatal miſunderſtanding from the paternal roof, my mother took me with her to Lauſanne, where ſhe had ſome relations among the principal perſons of the place: but of theſe many were tenaciouſly attached to the ſame opinions that governed the conduct of my father: they received us there-

ſore with coldneſs, and adviſed only ſubmiſſion and return. With this advice my poor mother wanted not their perſuaſions to comply; for a ſoft and generous heart like hers cannot long nouriſh reſentment againſt a man who was the poſſeſſor of it in her early youth, who was the father of her children, and who was now unfortunate in having loſt the greater part of that affluence which he had ſacrificed his connections and his country to obtain. My mother therefore wrote a letter of contrition and entreaty: ſhe entreated the Baron to forgive whatever ſhe had done to offend him; repreſented how impoſſible it was to abandon me, not yet ſeventeen; and proteſted that neither her affection for Felicien, or for me, if he would permit us to return with me, ſhould ever again influence her to offend him by uttering her thoughts; that I would moſt ſolemnly renounce, and for ever, if he inſiſted upon it, every idea of belonging to Mr. Fitz Euſtace, ſince he was a man whoſe

opinions and whoſe country he diſapproved; and aſk nothing but ſtill to be allowed to pay my duty to him. Felicien ventured to add a few lines; they were humble without meanneſs; and he declared to his father that he never would again offend him with his preſence, and ſolicited only that the curſe ſhould be withdrawn with which, in a moment of paſſion, he had loaded him; and that he would again conſider him as a dutiful and affectionate ſon. The Baron tore theſe letters without reading them, in the preſence of the meſſenger who had carried them, and bade him inſtantly return to his employer with the fragments, and relate what he had ſeen. The man obeyed, and indeed to this detail added another equally deſtructive of all our hopes of reconciliation; for he ſaid that a French woman of ſome rank, with whom the Baron had long been on a very friendly footing, had now, with ſeveral of her family, been received into the houſe of Glaciel; that ſhe appeared to be

its

its miſtreſs; and that the ſtyle of living was altogether unlike that which my mother had adopted.

That unhappy mother bore this intelligence with apparent calmneſs; but grief and anxiety were ſecretly undermining a conſtitution which never was very ſtrong. I ſaw, with inconceivable anguiſh, a rapid change in her appearance; ſhe no longer ſhed tears, and hardly ever ſpoke but to expreſs ſolicitude for my future fate. "When I am dead, Guilelmine," ſaid ſhe—"when your father's reſentment towards me ſhall be buried in the grave, whither I am haſtening, will he, my dear child, receive you? Can he do it, aſſociated as he now is? Guilelmine, whither will you go? what will become of you?" To theſe queſtions I could only anſwer with my tears; my heart might whiſper that I ſhould find a protector in Fitz Euſtace, and if my father repulſed me, whither but to the protection of an huſband or of a brother, could I have recourſe? But when my

mother held this ſort of diſcourſe, terror was the predominant ſenſation of my mind, and the image of death ſtifling that voice, now exerted only in expreſſions of tenderneſs for me; of my mother, pale, inſenſible, and borne away from me to the grave, was ſo very dreadful that I fell into agonies of tears; and far from being able to anſwer her prophetic enquiries, "Whither Guilelmine will you go? what will become of you?" I only increaſed the ſufferings of her whom I would have died to have ſaved from uneaſineſs.

Do you aſk what was, during this fearful period, the conduct of my lover? Ah! imagine all that general humanity would dictate to the unfortunate;—imagine the beſt and nobleſt feelings of the human heart exalted to a degree of enthuſiaſm, by an ardent paſſion; and then you may attain ſome idea of all that Fitz Euſtace was to me and to my mother. Felicien and Fitz Euſtace never both left us; the tumults and diſorders in which the fierce conflicts

of party gave riſe, were now ſo frequent and alarming, that our ſafety was never aſſured for one day. It was believed neceſſary to move. My mother, more and more enfeebled, knew not whither to fly; for, to undertake a journey to England, which Fitz Euſtace moſt earneſtly conjured her to do, was, in her ſituation, impoſſible; nor, had ſhe been better able to have undertaken the journey, could ſhe reſolve to put, by ſuch a ſtep, an eternal barrier between us and my father, to whom ſhe moſt earneſtly deſired to be reconciled before ſhe died! Fitz Euſtace heard her reaſons with undeſcribable concern: it was in vain he endeavoured to prevail upon her to relinquiſh them. Felicien was ſilent; and my heart, torn with contending paſſions, allowed me only to weep, and implore my mother to think of her own health. "If you do not ſuffer, my dear mother—if I once more ſee you reſtored to tranquillity—I could endure any thing; no difficulties that any condition of life would menace

me with, would appal me." "Let us then return to Glaciel," anſwered ſhe: "it is my duty at leaſt to attempt reſtoring to you the protection of a father; and having executed my duty, I ſhall wait with more calmneſs the hour that cannot be very diſtant."

We were to undertake, then, this unauſpicious journey. The ſituation of public affairs, which had ſo much influence on thoſe of our family, had now taken a turn, which neither Felicien or his Engliſh friend could approve. They heard only of atrocities committed in the name of liberty; and the moſt dreadful oppreſſions exerciſed by the advocates of juſtice and humanity. Baffled in all their hopes, and diſappointed in their calculations, they deteſted the aſſociates who were thus guilty, and trembled for the cauſe they had ſo zealouſly eſpouſed. At the very moment of our departure, Fitz Euſtace received letters from his father, who directed him inſtantly to return to England, under pain of

of his everlaſting diſpleaſure. A few words from a ſiſter who loved him, ſerved as an explanation of ſuch a letter, as Fitz Euſtace had never before read from his father. His ſiſter told him that, by means of ſome Engliſh families, lately returned from Switzerland, his father had received two pieces of intelligence, which had almoſt driven him to frenzy. One was, that Fitz Euſtace was a warm and avowed advocate of republican ſyſtems; the other, that he was on the point of marrying a young woman who had been driven with ignominy from her father's houſe, for having adopted the ſame pernicious principles.

I was with Fitz Euſtace when he opened and read theſe letters. I ſaw his countenance change; he became pale, and his lips trembled. Felicien, who was alſo in the room, was ſtruck with the effect which, it was eaſy to perceive, what he was reading produced. But even the privilege of their intimate friendſhip did not, he thought, authorize

authorize an enquiry. Fitz Euſtace having finiſhed his letter aroſe, and affecting to make ſome indifferent obſervation as to the time of day, and calculating how long we ſhould be in reaching the place where we were to remain that evening, he put the papers careleſsly in his pocket, and ſaid he would ſee whether his ſervant had procured a better horſe than that he had firſt brought; for Fitz Euſtace and Felicien were to accompany us on horſeback till we arrived at a village within a few miles of Glaciel; and the then ſtate of the country was ſuch, that an eſcort was abſolutely neceſſary.

When he was gone, Felicien endeavoured to conceal his uneaſineſs from me; but I ſaw that he wiſhed for an opportunity of ſpeaking to his friend. Fitz Euſtace, however, was gone out of the town, to conſider, without interruption, how he could avoid one or other of what he thought the greateſt evils that could befal him—being renounced by his father, or bidding me

adieu

adieu for ever. Pelleten related to me the explanation which he at last extorted from his friend. Oh! my brother, never will the manly tenderness with which you endeavoured to mitigate the pain this cruel intelligence gave me, be erased from my memory! I dare not, madam, trust myself to dwell on some periods of my sad story; they have threatened to disturb my reason.

I had, however, at the cruel moment of which I am now speaking, resolution enough to decide at once on the point it became me to take. I desired Fitz Eustace to come to me, and told him that, after what I had suffered, and was still suffering, from the anger of a parent, I never would permit him, on my account, to hazard the same calamity. "We must part, my friend," said I. "Let us submit to what is inevitable. Amidst all the misfortunes that may perhaps await me, in poverty and in exile, I shall not be so very unhappy if I know

I know that the infection of my misery has not reached you. I do not bid you forget me, dear Sir Euſtace; for known that to know I was forgotten would be very painful to me. But remember me only as your ſiſter, as your friend, as one tenderly intereſted in your welfare, and who, if ever ſatisfaction and tranquillity ſhould again viſit her, muſt find it in the felicity of thoſe ſhe loves! for"——I could not proceed. Struck with the gloomy air and mournful fierceſe of him to whom I ſpoke, I ſtopped for want of power to expreſs myſelf. He turned his eyes on my brother—"Is this," cried he, "your friendſhip, Felicia? and is this the uſe you have made of my confidence? You too, Guilelmine—you can ſo eaſily determine on our ſeparation! It is well. Madame de Mortivalle will not, however, refuſe to ſuffer me to accompany you to the laſt ſtage ſave one of your journey; ſhe will not ſuddenly withdraw her friendſhip, and coldly conſign me, as you do,

my

my younger friends, to blank and hopeleſs deſpair!"

Alas! what could I anſwer? I became totally incapable of anſwering, and had not courage to aſſert what I had with difficulty uttered at all. Fitz Euſtace withdrew; Felicien followed him in ſilence: the moment of our departure was arrived; and my mother, already alarmed by my abſence, ſent for me. Every thing that had the appearance of myſtery now gave her the moſt cruel apprehenſions; and I ſaw her ſo little able to bear any additional diſtreſs, that I could not acquire courage enough to tell her what had paſſed. There was otherwiſe reaſon enough for my dejection; but in my tenderneſs, my affection to my mother, there was, I truſt, no change; for I loved her with my whole heart: I would have laid down my life to have ſaved hers from any part of that anguiſh of which ſhe had already ſuffered too much.

Our

Our journey paſſed, for the moſt part, in ſilence: if Felicien and his friend appeared at the ſide of the carriage, my mother's looks, her manner of anſwering their tranſient enquiries, ſhewed me with how much pain ſhe thought of the moment when ſhe was to part, yet ſhe did not know for how long a time, with her ſon, and with him whom ſhe wiſhed might be authorized to call himſelf my protector, when ſhe could protect me no longer. As we drew nearer the ſpot where this parting was to take place, her depreſſion increaſed; and the anticipated pain of that moment, added to her dread of the meeting with an huſband always ſtern and ſevere, and who was now, ſhe believed, exaſperated and implacable, had ſuch an effect on her feeble and emaciated frame, that I expected to ſee her die before this dreaded ſeparation could take place.

We arrived, however, at the place, a mountain village, ſeven miles beyond Vevay.

Vevay. My unhappy mother was ſo exhauſted that Felicien and Fitz Euſtace were extremely alarmed as they aſſiſted her to get out of the carriage. They looked at me with eyes in which I read all their apprehenſions, while I had no comfort to give them. Felicien now implored and conjured her to remain there, and ſuffer him to go to Glaciel, deprecate the anger of his father, and prepare him to receive us. But all he and his friend could obtain, after long ſolicitation, was her conſent to remain, for that night, at the little auberge we were in, in hopes of recruiting her ſtrength, and being better able to encounter the ſcenes of the next day.

When I had attended her at an early hour to the beſt place of repoſe ſuch an hut afforded, I returned with an aching heart to the room where I had left the two friends. Felicien taking my hand, led me to a ſeat at the window, between him and Fitz Euſtace. I cannot repeat all that paſſed, but the ſcene, and every word that

was uttered, made an impreſſion on my mind never to be effaced. The landſcape we looked upon was wild and romantic, and only the torrents that ruſh from the mountains ſeemed, as they flaſhed in the beams of the quiet moon, to be reſtleſs; all beſides was calm and repoſing; and even the murmur of the diſtant waterfalls ſeemed to ſpeak peace to the troubled ſpirit. Alas! common ſorrows may be appeaſed; the ſenſe of the pain they inflict may be ſuſpended by ſuch objects; but for me they could do nothing more than, by their ſoothing influence, reſtore the power to weep, which lately I could not always do; my heart often feeling as if it would burſt, while I was unable to relieve myſelf by ſhedding tears: and even this laſted but a moment. My breath and my ſenſes became doubly oppreſſed when I contraſted the ſcene I was now ſurveying, and the perſons who were near me, to that which awaited me at Glaciel. I remembered inſtances of the violent temper and harſh man-

manners of my father that made me ſhudder; and I thought that, were it not for my mother, I ſhould be glad to die at this moment, ſince here I muſt bid a long adieu to happineſs and to peace, and to all I beſt loved, after her, in the world. But to eſcape the miſery I dreaded, I was not to abandon my mother, who had made ſo many ſacrifices to me; and it was even neceſſary for me to aſſume ſome degree of fortitude, leſt, overcome by the ſight of my anguiſh, hers ſhould entirely fail.

Thus oppreſſed, I had no power to ſpeak; while my brother and Fitz Euſtace, each holding one of my hands, appeared to be abſorbed in reflections as painful as mine. I found that my lover's tears fell on my hands as he held them between his. Alas! they rather fell on my heart! Felicien at length ſpoke: he conjured me if I loved him as I had often profeſſed to do, to give his friend a ſolemn and irrevocable promiſe to be only his, before we parted; he repreſented that with ſuch an aſſurance

Fitz

Fitz Euſtace would more chearfully depart for England. He himſelf then moſt earneſtly conjured me to hear him: he proteſted to me that he was perſuaded his preſence only was neceſſary to remove from the mind of his father the prejudice he had imbibed, and to reſtore him to the place he had always held in his affections. "But nothing, Guilelmine," ſaid he, "ſhall induce me to go if you do not give me an aſſurance of your affection. With you the humbleſt fortune would content me; without you I ſhould, in the moſt exalted, be wretched. If therefore you would ſave me, refuſe me not."—Ah! madam, you may imagine how this converſation ended: I bound myſelf by all the aſſurances Fitz Euſtace and my brother required of me. Having thus, as I fondly thought, ſecured, as far as depended on me, the peace of two perſons ſo truly beloved, I went with more courage to ſee if my mother ſlept. She was happily in a more quiet ſlumber than I had long ſeen her

her enjoy; and in deſpite of the parting I ſo much dreaded on the morrow, my heart was lightened, and, on a matraſs by her ſide, forgetfulneſs quieted for a while its tumult and its anguiſh.

With the firſt dawn of the morning, the conſciouſneſs of all that was yet to come ruſhed upon my recollection. My mother was already awakened; and with more reſolution, as well as greater perſonal ſtrength than I expected, ſhe prepared for an immediate departure.

My brother and Fitz Euſtace had, I believe, paſſed the night in converſation. They met us with what I knew to be forced chearfulneſs; and every one of the party endeavoured to conceal the anguiſh of their own minds, that they might not add to that which was ſuffered by the reſt.

The moment of ſeparation came. None of us had courage to ſay adieu. Fitz Euſtace remained with his eyes fixed on the carriage we were in, and holding my mother's

hand; while Felicien repeated to the men who were to conduct the chaiſe, the moſt minute orders that he thought might contribute to our ſafety; for a violent ſtorm that had happened a few days before had torn up the roads by the impetuoſity of the waters which ruſh down from the mountains in thoſe Alpine regions, carrying with them great fragments of rock, which in ſome places obſtruct the road, while in others deep excavations were ſuddenly formed by the force of the torrent.

Theſe accidents had now ſo injured the way leading to Glaciel, that, though we ſuffered little from apprehenſion, for indeed we were unconſcious of perſonal danger, yet it occaſioned ſo many delays that night approached before we reached the foot of Mont Glaciel. There our difficulties were increaſed. It was evident that ſome unuſual circumſtance had happened; for trees that had lately been felled lay acroſs the road, and in ſome places it was broken up, apparently by the means of military

military engines. This myſterious circumſtance, which portended ſome fearful event, added to the dread that my mother had before felt, of meeting the Baron, would, I feared, quite have conquered her remaining reſolution: but ſhe appeared to acquire at that moment extraordinary ſtrength from deſperation—from a trembling and agonizing deſire to know the worſt.

Perhaps the neceſſity of exertion aſſiſted this temporary fortitude. We were obliged to walk the ſmall remainder of our journey; for the part we had to traverſe was, in any other manner, impaſſable. I ſupported this beloved parent, my own heart ſo oppreſſed with apprehenſions that I could with difficulty ſuſtain myſelf. One of the men who had driven the chaiſe attended us, which he had at firſt ſcrupled to do, till reminded that the reward my brother had promiſed was to be doubled to him who ſhould give him the moſt ſatisfactory proofs of our ſafe arrival.

Heavens! what an hour did we paſs, as ſlowly we aſcended a path always difficult, but now rendered more tedious by the ſtate it was in; and by our weakneſs and our fears.

Ah! madam, judge of our ſenſations when, as night darkened around us, we found ourſelves near the well-known entrance of Glaciel, and found none of thoſe appearances which formerly attended the reſidence of the Baron, who, when he was there, had uſually kept up the forms of feudal ſtate and parade. But now there were no lights about the hall, or thoſe apartments uſually inhabited; nor the noiſes of a numerous retinue, which uſed to be heard. This might, however, be accounted for by the different ſituation my father was at preſent in, contraſted with that he had before enjoyed when he was colonel of a regiment, and the favourite of a court.

We advanced with faint and faultering ſteps to the door, which gave entrance, with

with a porter's room on either hand, under an arched gateway, to the principal court. It was closed, which it never used to be. My mother bade the man who was with us knock for admittance. He obeyed; but no one appeared.—Again, and louder this demand for admittance was repeated. The sullen echoes murmured round the walls; and a silence of some moments followed. "Gracious God!" whispered my mother, "what can this mean?—has the Baron had notice of our intention of coming; and does he use this method to tell us he will reject us for ever? Guilelmine! my poor girl! were it not for thee"——The rest of the sentence, which it was, indeed, easy to understand, died away on her lips; for a noise was now heard within, and the great gate opened.

Instead of any of the persons we expected to see, a soldier half asleep, and in the national uniform of France, appeared at it with a light; and, peevish at being

diſturbed, enquired abruptly, and with an oath, who we were, and what we wanted?

I was unable to ſpeak; and the man, our attendant, knew as little as he who aſked the queſtion. My mother, with more ſtrength of voice and courage than it ſeemed poſſible for her to exert at ſuch a moment, replied, that the wife and daughter of the Baron de Mortivalle deſired to be admitted to him.

The ſoldier brought the light nearer, and looked at us with a countenance in which it was eaſy to read ſurpriſe. "The wife and daughter!" repeated he; and then added, "*Mortivalle*, ladies, is not here; but enter if you pleaſe; I will go and inform Monſieur le Commandant, and be with you again inſtantly."—So ſaying, he put down the candle, and diſappeared.

"The Baron not here!" ſaid my mother, who now, unable to ſuſtain herſelf any longer, ſat down on the ſtone bench under the gateway. "What then is become of him?

him? In whoſe hands is this place? in whoſe power is my child?" Terror would not ſuffer me to reply. My mother graſped my hand; and, while I endeavoured to ſupport her, we waited in breathleſs expectation the return of the ſoldier.

He came not. "O God of mercy!" ſaid my mother, whoſe alarm increaſed by this fearful ſuſpence—"If ſome of thoſe lawleſs men who in times like theſe are aſſociated for the purpoſes of plunder—if they ſhould be in poſſeſſion of this houſe, what will become of us, or rather of thee, my Guilelmine? for as to myſelf, if my feelings do not greatly deceive me, I ſhall not long ſuffer in my own perſon!—This apprehenſion appeared the more probable the longer it was entertained. A ſhort pauſe enſued: ſtill the man returned not. "Weak as I am," exclaimed my mother, riſing, "I believe, Guilelmine, I have ſtill ſtrength to return to the voiture we left. The men who were with it will wait

for their comrade; let us attempt to go back." We aroſe then inſtantly, and ſtepping to the entrance of the gateway, where our attendant had, as we imagined, remained, I ſpoke, aſking if he would accompany us back, ſince we met not thoſe we came to find. To my hurried queſtion no anſwer was returned. We advanced without the building; but the man was not there—we called to him; ſtill no reply—he was gone, and our dread and uncertainty redoubled!

But there was not much time for us to communicate our mutual terror. We heard the ſteps and voices of perſons croſſing the court; more lights preſently appeared; and we ſaw five or ſix men in the dreſs that marked them for republican ſoldiers. Miſſing us at the place where their informer had left us, they haſtened forward; and he who ſeemed to be an officer, approaching my mother, addreſſed her with civility and even reſpect. He ſaid that a part of the regiment to which he

he belonged had been ſome days in poſſeſſion of the caſtle, as quarters; that Monſieur de Mortivalle was not there; but that to the ladies of his family it was open; and he beſought my mother to allow him to conduct us in; and that we would accept of the beſt accommodations ſoldiers could give us.

Manners ſo different from thoſe ſhe had expected, ſurpriſed my mother, without appeaſing her fears. There was nothing to be done but to comply with this invitation. With greater difficulty than ever, I ſupported her feeble ſteps; yet, myſterious and alarming as our ſituation was, I know not whether her dread in entering her own houſe, under ſuch circumſtances, was as great, as if the ſtern, unforgiving, and eſtranged huſband, whoſe anger ſhe had vainly deprecated, had there awaited her.

How ſhall I find ſtrength to relate what now paſſed. My mother, exhauſted by

fatigue and ſickneſs, had need of all that patient fortitude which ſhe had learned in the ſchool of ſuffering, to enable her to hear what was related. My father had returned to Glaciel, whither he had conducted Madame de Barteuil and her friend, Madame D'Orimarre, whom you now ſee with me, and ſome other perſons, Swiſs as well as French: and there he would probably have remained unmoleſted, if he had not engaged in the unfortunate project of collecting arms and ammunition, and annoying the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who either were, or he ſuppoſed were, of the oppoſite party. The young man who gave us this account had delicacy enough to ſpare us the particulars; but after a time, ſome of the people of the neighbouring country who thought they had reaſon to complain of the Baron, called to their aſſiſtance the French garriſon of Zulberg. My father, unable to reſiſt the force that was likely to be brought againſt him, was perſuaded by his

his dependants about him to fly. Madame de Barteuil accompanied him; but either by chance or choice, Madame D'Orimarre had remained in the houſe formerly inhabited by the curate, where ſhe had philoſophy enough to await with tranquillity the arrival of the republicans; and, whether they applauded her courage, or found her leſs averſe to their principles, I know not; but it is certain that ſhe did not appear to feel herſelf greatly diſtreſſed by her ſituation. I knew her not, however, at that time; nor was I very conſcious to any thing that paſſed, except the increaſing ſufferings of my mother, who was, with me, reinſtated in our own apartments, and treated with as much reſpect as if the Baron was ſtill maſter of the houſe. But my mother's heart was already broken; and whatever unkind treatment ſhe had experienced from the Baron, ſhe could not bear to think that he was now a deſtitute and houſeleſs exile; nor did his having Madame de Barteuil the companion of his

flight, at all leſſen the concern with which ſhe thought of him. He was ſtill her huſband, the father of her children; and he was unfortunate. All his faults were mitigated in her imagination, while it exaggerated her own. *I* was not the perſon who could, with propriety, repreſent how greatly ſhe injured herſelf; and I was almoſt an helpleſs, though agoniſed, ſpectator of the ravage every hour made on her feeble frame. Four days after our arrival at Glaciel, I ſaw ſo great a change in her appearance that my terror almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes. Such medical aſſiſtance as it was poſſible in that ſituation to obtain, the French commandant procured for her; but the diſeaſes of the mind are not within the reach of the medical art. I can hardly tell you, dear madam, what I did or ſaid at that dreadful period, when I ſaw within the graſp of death the deareſt of mothers, the beſt of women, the only friend I had on earth, but thoſe who were now afar of, and who had no power at this moment.

ment to aſſiſt me in enduring the dreadful anguiſh that overwhelmed me. My mother no longer was heard to expreſs thoſe acute feelings of anxiety either for the fate of her huſband or of her ſon, which had appeared to wear her out by their violence. She was now ſunk in a ſort of torpid reſignation, which was diſturbed only by her fears for me; and ſhe repeated inceſſantly, in a weak and tremulous voice, "Guilelmine, when I am dead I ſhall be at reſt; but what, my child, will be your fate?"— At the end of ſome days ſhe became conſiderably worſe; but urging herſelf to exertion for a moment, and ſending for the Commander of the party who garriſoned the caſtle, ſhe beſought him, as a man of humanity and honour, to promiſe, that as ſoon as ſhe was no more, he would cauſe me to be conducted out of the houſe, and placed in ſafety at Lauſanne with a perſon ſhe named, who had formerly been in the ſervice of the family. The young man generouſly promiſed all ſhe deſired, and

was extremely affected when, at the end of this diſcourſe, he ſaw my mother fall into a fainting fit; while I, believing her dead, was in ſuch a ſtate of diſtraction, that he thought it abſolutely neceſſary for ſome woman to come to my aſſiſtance, who might know better than thoſe about me what to do. He ran therefore himſelf to the curate's houſe for Madame D'Orimarre, with whom he was acquainted. She came; and with good-nature and tenderneſs, which in ſuch a moment make a great impreſſion on the heart, ſhe re-aſſured me—My mother was not dead; ſhe recovered, and had even more ſtrength, I thought, the following day than ſhe had had before this alarming criſis. Madame D'Orimarre never left my mother's bed-ſide; her manners were ſo ſoothing, and there appeared ſo much good-ſenſe and kindneſs in her attention, that, though it was underſtood that ſhe had been the companion and friend of Madame de Barteuil, my mother forgot that connection, or accounted for it ſo as

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to take all blame from it, and ſeemed to cheriſh, with ſatisfaction, the hope that I had found a friend, in whoſe protection I might be ſafe till I could rejoin my brother.

You may imagine, dear madam, what were my ſenſations of gratitude towards Madame D'Orimarre, when I found her care and her preſence ſo uſeful to my mother, that for two or three days I flattered myſelf with hopes of her recovery. Ah! vain illuſion; nothing could ſave her: continual faintings now gave us too ſure intimation of her approaching end. She was, in the ſhort intervals between theſe dreadful fits, perfectly ſenſible, and even collected, but expreſſed herſelf with difficulty. Madam D'Orimarre attended her with the moſt patient pity, and with calmneſs which made her uſeful; while I was ſo diſtracted by grief, that all I could do was to repreſs my cries and ſhrieks. In one of theſe ſhort and dreadful pauſes, while I was hanging in ſpeechleſs horror

over my poor mother, endeavouring to catch the low inarticulate words ſhe feebly attempted to utter, I heard a confuſed noiſe at the door of the room. Madame D'Orimarre aroſe to ſee what occaſioned it; when I beheld Fitz Euſtace himſelf enter, pale and wild, and regardleſs of two or three perſons who ſurrounded him, he ſeemed to force himſelf forward. Oh! do not expect I can relate diſtinctly what paſſed: he was inſtantaneouſly at the bedſide of my dying mother; ſhe knew him; and the expiring flame of life ſeemed renovated for a moment, while preſſing his hand, ſhe ſaid, "My beloved friend, you are come; and I die in leſs miſery: take my Guilelmine to your protection; ſhe is worthy of you; and could I have ſeen her your wife, I ſhould have been"——— The remaining words ſhe was unable to utter; but taking my hand, ſhe gave it to Fitz Euſtace: then turning her dying eyes from us towards Madame D'Orimarre, ſhe ſeemed to recommend us both to her friend-

friendſhip; and in a few moments ſhe died.

I was for a while unconſcious of what paſſed; I did not hear even the voice of Fitz Euſtace; however he attempted to ſoothe and conſole me. I had not recovered from this ſtate of anguiſh, and ſcarce had the laſt offices been rendered to the remains of my adored mother, (which Madame D'Orimarre and Fitz Euſtace ſaw performed in the court of the chapel, according to the directions ſhe had herſelf given,) when intelligence was received at Mont Glaciel of the approach of a large body of German and Italian troops, at the head of which the Baron de Mortivalle himſelf was ſaid to be.

What was now to be done! If the terror of ſeeing my offended father was great when my mother's tenderneſs and love was preſent to conſole me, what was now the terror and agony of my mind! I dreaded that if he and Fitz Euſtace met, blood might be ſhed. The idea was calculated

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to drive me to phrenzy; but there was very little time to heſitate. Thoſe who have never ſeen a retreat of ſoldiers from a ſuperiority of numbers, can have little comprehenſion of the confuſion of this moment. The French Commandant, under the neceſſity of obeying the orders he had received, to evacuate the poſt now poſſeſſed by his party, quitted it with reluctance; and Fitz Euſtace was ſtrongly diſpoſed to encourage him to maintain it, repreſenting the improbability there was that the number of the expected aſſailants ſhould be as great as had been repreſented, and that even if they were, Italian ſoldiers were enemies too contemptible to occaſion the removal. I do not know what might have been the event; but an expreſs arrived, even while this debate was going on, from the colonel of the detachment of which the garriſon of Glaciel was a part, with the moſt poſitive orders to the commanding officer to join him with his men and the artillery he had with him, in order

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to defend a quarter greatly more important. There was then no poſſibility of diſobeying, and the tumult and confuſion which had been a while ſuſpended from the heſitation of the French captain, was renewed.

Whither was I to go, and what with propriety could I do? I was petrified by this terrible uncertainty. Madame D'Orimarre poſſeſſed a degree of courage and ſelf-command that aſtoniſhed me. It is true that ſo far from having ſuffered any inſult ſince our reſidence at Glaciel, we had been treated with the greateſt reſpect. But ſtill there was ſomething terrific in our ſituation; and, amid the preſent horrors, the agony of grief inflicted by the death of my mother, and the apprehenſion of my father, fear of numberleſs other calamities often deprived me of the power of thinking ſteadily of any. I was often in ſuch a ſtate that I knew not what was ſaid or propoſed; and acquieſced in the plans of Madame D'Orimarre without comprehending them.

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It was in this condition of mind I was removed from Glaciel to the village of Jouvert, among the Alps: there, by ſome means of which I knew nothing, Fitz Euſtace had made an acquaintance with a farmer, into whoſe houſe we were received. This aſſemblage of cottages, buried among rocks and pine foreſts, had not yet ſuffered from the troops of either party; and in the tranquillity that now prevailed around me, I was able to liſten to the ſoothing voice of affection and of reaſon. Fitz Euſtace repreſented to me, that to his care my mother and my brother had conſigned me; that Felicien had conſented to conſult his own ſafety on no other terms than on thoſe of his friend's ſeeking an immediate occaſion to become my legal protector. I urged the hazard he would be in of diſobliging his father, and loſing his inheritance. He declared to me that there would not be any danger of this if he could return within a ſhort time to England. "The people," ſaid he,

he, "whoſe officious information ſo irritated my father, have now loſt ſight of me. I ſhall no ſooner ſee my father, than he will be appeaſed; though, believe me, I ſhall not attempt to deceive him by falſehood. If, however, I do not return, the event will be certain: but this I moſt ſolemnly declare, that I never will go back to England unleſs I firſt call myſelf the huſband of Guilelmine."

I could not find any arguments which Fitz Euſtace allowed to have ſufficient weight to counterbalance theſe: my heart aſſented; and the laſt commands of my mother appeared to make my duty agree with my inclination. I became the wife of Fitz Euſtace; and in looking to my future life dedicated to his happineſs, I ceaſed to feel ſo acutely the misfortunes with which the preceding part of it had been embittered. Alas! I forgot alſo for how little a time I ſhould be allowed the protection and tenderneſs of my huſband. The neceſſity of his returning to England

England became urgent: he was, however unwilling, compelled to acknowledge that there was the greateſt danger of his being diſinherited if his marriage ſhould be only ſuſpected by his father; and his affection and his pride, though equally intereſted, were at variance. He could not bear to leave me; but to take me to England, only to ſhare the humble circumſtances to which the dereliction of his father would reduce him, was terrible to his imagination. Yet however theſe apprehenſions were felt, his reluctance to leave me was ſo much more painful, that he had determined to hazard the journey, when his moſt intimate friend (a young man of the name of Laurence,) arrived from England. He came, as he informed Fitz Euſtace, ſolely to ſave him from the fatal effects of his father's anger; who, whether from having had ſome intelligence of the truth, or from his own apprehenſions, had expreſſed ſo much diſpleaſure at the long ſtay of his ſon in Italy, and his

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ſuppoſed attachment to foreign manners and connections, that nothing ſeemed to remain for Fitz Euſtace but an immediate return to England, unleſs he could determine to relinquiſh for ever the fortune he was born to inherit, and condemn himſelf and the woman he loved, to indigence for the reſt of their lives.

It was now that I appeared to ſubmit with reſolution to what I had always apprehended and felt to be the moſt cruel misfortune—a ſeparation from my huſband. I even beſought him to conceal from Mr. Laurence that I was his wife; and was content to ſuffer every thing rather than be the cauſe of his being ſo injured. The intreaties and exhortations of his friend, who, though not older than Fitz Euſtace, was quite a man of the world; and the aſſurances given him by Madame D'Orimarre that ſhe would remain with me, added to the ſerious remonſtrances of this friend, at length prevailed. I concealed, at leaſt I moſt ſincerely endeavoured to do

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ſo, the anguiſh of my heart; and Fitz Euſtace departed with his friend. Before he went, however, he took the precaution of leaving me a credit on a banker at Rome, greater than it was poſſible I ſhould want, living as I intended to live, till he could return to me, which he promiſed, moſt ſolemnly promiſed, to do in leſs than four months; aſſuring me, as he had done before, that nothing more was neceſſary than for him to ſhew himſelf to his father, to obviate and remove all the anger he had entertained againſt him.

When my huſband was gone, every thing like ſociety became ſo indifferent, not to ſay fatiguing to me, that the only ſatisfaction I ſought, conſiſted in being allowed to remain alone; and Madame D'Orimarre, to whom I gave up the management of every thing that related to our little domeſtic arrangements, was well content when ſhe found her firſt ſlight oppoſition ineffectual, to let me do as I pleaſed, while ſhe found amuſement enough among

among her countrymen who were at Rome; and our apartments were continually filled with them and parties of Italians, who, as I have ſince had reaſon to believe, are of thoſe that profeſs to favour the cauſe of France.

You will, I think, madam, do me the juſtice to believe, that care about pecuniary matters was not likely to form any part of my character; yet I ſaw with ſome pain that Madame D'Orimarre adopted a ſtyle of living which I felt to be very inconſiſtent with our ſituation. It drove me more than ever into ſolitude; but my ſolitary hours were cheered by the dear hope of hearing from Fitz Euſtace; and I counted the hours which were yet to paſs before letters could arrive from England. Ah! madam, when that time came, my impatience became inſupportable. Days paſſed, but I ſtill hoped: I ſtill accounted for this cruel diſappointment, by imagining the accidents that, in the then ſtate of the Continent, might delay, or even occaſion the

the loſs of the letters ſo anxiouſly expected. Madame D'Orimarre, when I could obtain her attention for a moment to the ſubject which occupied all my thoughts, ſeemed to ſeek for reaſons to appeaſe my anxiety, which, however, at other times, ſhe ridiculed. Sometimes ſhe made faint attempts to engage me in the ſociety that continually ſurrounded her; at others ſhe ſeemed quite as well pleaſed that I ſhould purſue my lonely walks, and leave her unreſtrained by my melancholy looks, to follow amuſements more to her taſte than liſtening to my conjectures, or quieting my terrors.

While, however, I had every day hopes of receiving intelligence of my huſband and of Felicien, I bore the many diſagreeable circumſtances of my ſituation with calmneſs; but theſe hopes have gradually become fainter, and every hour, for theſe laſt ſix weeks, has rendered my ſufferings leſs ſupportable. Madame D'Orimarre has lately hinted, and indeed more than hinted to me, that the ſupply

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left by Fitz Euſtace for our expences is exhauſted, and that I am now entirely dependant on her reſources, and ſhould contribute to entertain, and at leaſt look cheerful on the friends to whom ſhe is indebted for our mutual ſupport. Heavens! *can* I then be chearful? Can I conceal the anguiſh, the intolerable anguiſh that preys on my heart, when I think that Fitz Euſtace has forgotten me, or ſacrificed me to his inflexible father—when I reflect on the probable fate of my brother? for *he* would not—Felicien would not have left me thus deſerted and wretched. Oh no! he is dead! My huſband has abandoned me. —Fitz Euſtace loves me no longer; and it is in death alone"———

Agony of mind here interrupted the narrative of the unhappy Guilelmine. I had no comforts to offer at that moment; for any of the uſual attempts at conſolation appeared to me to be inſulting. When, however, the unfortunate girl was a little recovered from the burſt of paſſion which

the cruel circumſtances ſhe had been relating had naturally excited, I enquired more particularly as to the probability there might be, that accident only had deprived her of letters from her huſband; and it was with additional concern I found that there had been repeatedly arrivals from England, and that letters had been received from many perſons there by their correſpondents at Rome, at leaſt ten times ſince Guilelmine might reaſonably have expected to receive thoſe that Fitz Euſtace had ſo ſolemnly promiſed, even if it was abſolutely impoſſible for him to return himſelf. Nor was that all; a rumour had been circulated at Rome among the Engliſh reſiding there, and thoſe who had correſpondents in England, that Fitz Euſtace had married to a woman of high rank; and Madame D'Orimarre, inſtead of enquiring into the truth of this report, and ſoftening as much as ſhe could the pain it muſt give her poor friend, had related it with circumſtances of exaggeration;

geration; and Guilelmine, who could not yet believe it poſſible for Fitz Euſtace to be ſo ungenerous and inhuman, endeavoured, I could ſee, to perſuade herſelf that there was malice or deſign on the part of Madame D'Orimarre, and that it was even poſſible the letters of her huſband might be kept from her, which, indeed, I did not think very improbable. To me this intereſting and ill-fated young creature now clung, as one whom ſhe ſeemed to think was ſent from Heaven to ſuccour and ſave her. My connection with England, and perhaps the attraction which draws one unfortunate being towards another, made me appear to her as ſomething more than an helpleſs and unhappy woman. It is difficult for even a cold heart to repel the kindneſs of attachment from an affectionate one. Mine, amidſt the miſeries of my lot, had not become cold and callous: I had only my children and Gertrude to love in the world; and there was room enough ſtill in the op-

preſſed heart for friendſhip founded on compaſſion and eſteem; for the more I knew of my young Swiſſeſs, the more reaſon I had to admire the ſimplicity of her character, and the innocence and integrity of her mind.

It was not ſo, however, with Madame D'Orimarre; I could not wholly avoid her acquaintance; but a nearer view of her was far from removing from my mind the ſuſpicions I had on a firſt view of her entertained. She contrived (for ſhe poſſeſſed the cooleſt confidence imaginable,) to introduce herſelf to Mr. Wardenell and Mr. Renfield, who, after an abſence of ſome weeks at Florence, had now returned to Rome. With the former of theſe ſhe ſoon became a great favourite; and though he could ſpeak no French, and Madame D'Orimarre had very little knowledge of the Engliſh, they continued to hold dialogues, which were as deficient in wit as they were in decency. I had never conquered, though I had long ceaſed to expreſs,

expreſs, the diſguſt which this ſort of converſation excited. Mr. Wardenell, when he was gay, had no idea of expreſſing it otherwiſe than by groſs and revolting expreſſions; but I liſtened not to, I cared not for, his converſation; and, engaged either with my children or Guilelmine, I was not ſorry when the amuſement Mr. Wardenell found in the company of Madame D'Orimarre relieved me from the wretched taſk of dreſſing my countenance in ſmiles and cheerfulneſs, while anxiety for my children, and increaſing dread of my huſband's miſconduct, were tearing my heart with ſo many painful ſenſations, that it was often impoſſible for me to conceal either the one or the other.

To diſguiſe "the thing I was by ſeeming otherwiſe," was, I knew, my duty; and I very ſincerely tried to practice it; but neither education nor nature had fitted me for an hypocrite. Mr. Renfield read my thoughts, and more than once told me he did, in a manner that appeared ſo friendly

and rational, that it would, I thought, have been ungenerous to doubt his ſincerity. I therefore ventured to place in him a greater degree of confidence than I had hitherto ſhewn; and I intreated him, as the only proof I aſked of the truth of his profeſſions, to promote, with all the power he had over Mr. Wardenell, our immediate return to England. He agreed with me that nothing could be ſo ruinous as our remaining where we were; but while he aſſured me he would exert all the influence he had to induce Mr. Wardenell to comply with my wiſhes, and the dictates of common ſenſe, he added, in a peculiar tone which I could not miſunderſtand, "But indeed, my dear madam, you impute greater power over our friend's mind than I poſſeſs: if you find that there really are ſome who enjoy that advantage in a much greater degree, I think you will do wiſely to avail yourſelf even of that, rather than remain in Italy any longer."

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Though I hardly needed an explanation, I might, perhaps, have aſked it, if Mr. Renfield had not immediately withdrawn; and I found during the following days that he avoided me. If I were to enter into a minute detail of all that now paſſed, it would, perhaps, tire you, my dear Sophy: yet you, I know, would not blame me, as ſome others have done who call themſelves my friends, for not ſuffering my own unhappineſs ſo entirely to abſorb all other conſiderations as to make me wholly inſenſible of the unhappineſs endured by others. I found, indeed, no ſatisfaction ſo great, none ſo ſoothing to my heart as attempting to alleviate the increaſing ſorrows of poor Guilelmine. That unfortunate young woman, who looked up to me as her only friend, ventured, with all the doubt and heſitation which ſome knowledge of my circumſtances, and her own timidity occaſioned, to conſult me on the poſſibility of her going to England, where only ſhe now

believed ſhe had any chance of recalling her huſband to the faith and affection he owed her. "I would ſee him once again," ſaid ſhe, "if it be only to die before him. I would not purſue him with reproaches; I would not give him a moment's pain; if I can but once, only once ſee him, I will reſign my life without a murmur, and die bleſſing him. Oh! madam, if, under ſuch friendly protection as yours, I could reach England!—but you have too many troubles already—I ought not to aſk you, good and conſiderate as you are, to add, by your kindneſs to me, to burthens that are already ſo heavy. Yet ſuffer me to ſay, that did not other conſiderations prevent you from granting me your generous countenance, I would not be any expence. It is true that Madame D'Orimarre informs me there is very little left of the money depoſited by Fitz Euſtace on his departure; but I have a conſiderable number of valuable trinkets, and ſome jewels, which were my mothers and my own: theſe

theſe I ſhall have as little right as inclination to wear again; they will ſupply me with a ſum more than ſufficient, I truſt, to prevent my being too great a tax on your humanity, if you ſhould allow me to accompany you to England."

I had not yet learned how to refuſe a requeſt from thoſe I felt diſpoſed to love, merely becauſe it might be attended with ſome inconvenience to myſelf. That Guilelmine ſhould accompany us to England ſoon became a favourite project; but of our beginning our journey I heard nothing from Mr. Wardenell, who was more than ever engaged in company of which I made no part: Mr. Renfield affected, I thought, to abſent himſelf. I therefore, by letter, repeated to this myſterious man the many reaſons that induced me to deſire that I and my children might be provided with the means, and permitted to return to England, adding, that it was my intention, if Mr. Wardenell permitted it, to take Mrs. Fitz Euſtace with me.

Renfield anſwered this letter with aſſurances that he would exert his utmoſt power to gratify my wiſhes; yet he proteſted he could not rely on that power, and added certain obſcure hints that Mr. Wardenell was under other influence, and through that influence alone he thought any impreſſion could be made upon him. Perſonally indifferent as I was to Mr. Wardenell, nothing was ſo foreign to my mind as jealouſy: but I could not determine to ſolicit Madame D'Orimarré's interference in ſuch a point. All, however, was ſettled before I had time to take any farther meaſures; and I was ſuddenly informed, by Mr. Wardenell, that, in conſequence of a *new arrangement*, a word he was in conſtant habits of uſing, he had determined to ſet out the following week for England, and that Madame D'Orimarre had been prevailed upon to accompany my young friend, at leaſt a conſiderable part of the way, as it was underſtood that it was *my* wiſh that Mrs. Fitz

Fitz Euſtace ſhould go with us to England.

This information, and the manner in which it was given, left little doubt as to the influence obtained by Madame D'Orimarre over the mind of Mr. Wardenell; but it had long been to me a matter of indifference in what way the money was laviſhed, which no remonſtrance of mine could ſave. I earneſtly deſired to return to England, where I thought my children would, if I died, be received under the protection of my family; and I was frequently ſo depreſſed that I fancied it to be impoſſible I could long live. Beſides this motive, which urged me to promote our journey, I had another in the hope of being uſeful to my unfortunate young friend, who had gained an intereſt in my affection which was only exceeded by the tenderneſs I felt for my children.

I began to make ſuch preparations as depended on me for our enſuing journey; but the ſatisfaction with which I ſet about

them was damped when I underſtood that it was Mr. Wardenell's deſign to travel through Germany inſtead of embarking, as I was deſirous of doing, at Leghorn for England, a means of conveyance not only better ſuited to our circumſtances, but more ſecure, as Germany was then the ſeat of war. This I repreſented to Mr. Wardenell, intreating him to give up a plan by which, while no poſſible advantage could be gained, he would ſubject his children to a thouſand hazards. To perſonal danger he was himſelf by no means indifferent; but ſome other motive operated, for the moment, more powerfully than even ſelf-preſervation; and notwithſtanding my moſt preſſing remonſtrances, the road through Germany was determined upon.

I ſhould have applied to Mr. Renfield to have added his intreaties to mine, but he had left us ſome days before for Naples. I now underſtood from Mr. Wardenell

that

that he was to overtake us on our way.

Madame D'Orimarre, to whom I had no doubt this ſcheme was to be imputed, was at very little pains to conceal the power ſhe had acquired over Mr. Wardenell; though ſhe condeſcended to ſhew me rather more attention than had hitherto been uſual for her; but her fluttering and paraſytical manners neither leſſened my own fatigue, or the contempt I felt for her, which, however, I endeavoured to conceal as well as I could; though in diſſimulation I was generally unſucceſsful.

The beginning of our journey was marked with no circumſtance worth noting; for Mr. Wardenell's attention to Madame D'Orimarre I had long ſince ceaſed to conſider as any thing extraordinary; and my trouble and fatigue was ſoftened and mitigated by the gentle and grateful Guilelmine, who ſhared with me the care of the children, and the harraſſing difficulties we ſometimes had to contend with at the

the inns. Mr. Wardenell never gave himſelf the ſlighteſt trouble about ſuch matters; but on entering a town, or ſtopping at a poſt-houſe, he and Madame D'Orimarre firſt took care to be provided with plentiful refreſhment, and then the lady having choſen her chambers, and the gentlemen his, they uſually went forth, if the weather was good, to ſee ſights; or if they could not do that, they amuſed themſelves at piquet, or ſome other game, for which Madame D'Orimarre carried the materials in her work-bag; and continued ſo to ſolace themſelves till the hour of departure arrived, careleſs of every thing but their own accommodation.

All this I could have borne, and all this I did bear, with a degree of calmneſs which perhaps I owed rather to the contempt I felt for thoſe who acted thus towards me, than from higher conſiderations. I determined, however, that as ſoon as I reached England, I would endeavour to obtain an amicable ſeparation from

from Mr. Wardenell, releaſing him from the expence attending the ſupport of a wife and children, of which he frequently complained, endeavour, by my own induſtry, to ſupport them and myſelf. I meditated on this ſcheme till all the objections that might have been raiſed to it appeared light, in compariſon with the tranquillity I hoped to obtain, and the power I thought I ſhould acquire of inſtructing my children. As ſoon as Mr. Renfield joined us, I reſolved to conſult him on my project; and now wiſhed very earneſtly to ſee him: but we received letters on our way, to inform us that he could not rejoin us ſo ſoon as he had hoped to do, but thought it certain he ſhould be with us by the time we could reach Inſpruck.

Shall I enter into a regular detail of our journey? Oh! no: I cannot undertake it. If ever you have been acquainted, as you probably muſt have been with perſons who have travelled through the this country,

country, with all the accommodations and advantages that money could procure, you will recollect how much of inconvenience, and even hazard they were compelled to encounter on their route. Imagine then what I muſt have endured, who, beſides the anxiety I felt about my children, ſaw myſelf reduced to the condition, I may ſay, of ſervitude, without any of its amelioration, for I had no protection—nothing to make me amends for the fatigue and ſolicitude that was thrown upon me.

At Inſpruck Mr. Renfield did not meet us. Mr. Wardenell was, or pretended to be, impatient to get forward, and refuſed to wait four and twenty hours, which, I imagined, as there was no letter from him, might have been allowed for accidents and delays on the road. Far, however, from appearing deſirous, as formerly, of the company and aſſiſtance of his friend, Mr. Wardenell evidently wiſhed to eſcape from the remarks, and perhaps remonſtrances, of

of one whoſe concurrence he could not expect to have. I felt, however, more and more how much his preſence would have relieved me; and I could not always help expreſſing my wiſhes that he would rejoin us, with the ſame openneſs and ſincerity as I ſhould have ſpoken of a brother, if I had been happy enough to have had one, or of any moſt intimate friend. I was ſo unconſcious that any evil interpretation could be given to this, that I did not even remark the odd faces and ſymptoms of ſuſpicion and miſtruſt which Mr. Wardenell occaſionally exhibited. But theſe were ſo common with him that they had long ſince ceaſed to have effect on me. Guilelmine was now my greateſt reſource and conſolation; and ſhe appeared earneſtly deſirous of conquering her own feelings, that her depreſſion might not add to mine, and diſable her from executing thoſe offices of gratitude and friendſhip which I ſo greatly needed.

We

We were now advancing into the ſeat of war, and ſymptoms appeared of thoſe dangers which I had vainly repreſented to Mr. Wardenell as greatly to be feared, before we began this ill-fated journey. No man was more alive to perſonal danger than he was, though, when it was not near, he was a little too apt to boaſt of his great proweſs and magnanimity. Now, however, it appeared under forms which he was very little diſpoſed to meet. His fair companion, under whoſe influence he was, ſeemed to have much more reſolution, and laughed at the apprehenſions which were now viſible enough; but her raillery had now no effect. The lady ſeemed to take advantage of this puſillanimity to increaſe her power; and by the unguarded conduct of both it ſeemed as if it was no longer worth their while to conſult the opinion of any one, or to keep up appearances. I ſhould have ſubmitted without murmuring,

muring, to a behaviour on the part of my huſband which left me at liberty to attend wholly to my children and my friend, and weep unqueſtioned and unreproached, but that I had reaſon to believe the only motive for the pretended attachment of Madame D'Orimarre to Mr. Wardenell was, the expectation of obtaining money from him; I had every ground to imagine ſhe had hitherto found her ſtratagems ſucceſsful; and had entertained an idea that ſhe ſhould find her advantage in continuing the acquaintance in England.

This mercenary and diſhoneſt hope was founded, I well knew, on the ſum of money which Mr. Wardenell had poſſeſſed on ſetting out, and which I was but too well perſuaded was the laſt he could raiſe. What a proſpect was before me when we ſhould reach England; and how greatly did dread of the future increaſe the ſufferings of the preſent!

We

We were now in the moſt wild and deſolate part of a country of which many of the inhabitants are known to become the fierceſt and moſt lawleſs of the bands of plunderers that infeſt Germany when war gives a pretence to ſuch aſſociations. Five or ſix armed men, of very ſuſpicious appearance, had often paſſed us; and once a party of them, who called themſelves Huſſars, in the ſervice of Auſtria, had ſtopped at the ſame inns, and expreſſed ſome curioſity about us. We loſt ſight of them, however, and travelled two ſtages with no other increaſe of difficulties than what aroſe from the ſcarcity of horſes, and the badneſs of the roads. This latter inconvenience was greatly increaſed by the very heavy rains which fell during ſeveral days. Slowly and heavily we proceeded in an old travelling coach, or rather waggon, which I had with ſome difficulty prevailed to have purchaſed. When I ſay *we*, I do not mean to deſcribe the whole party; Guilel-

Guilelmine, my children, and a ſervant were with me in this vehicle. Mr. Wardenell and Madame D'Orimarre proceeded in a lighter conveyance, which ſhe ſaid ſhe had bought, attended by her French valet de chambre, Sablon; and he generally procured horſes, if they were to be had, at the different poſts, while the ſecond carriage was often obliged to wait the return of thoſe poor tired animals, or till others could be procured. It therefore not unfrequently happened that we did not meet for two days. The lady and gentleman in the carriage were conſidered as Madame and Monſieur; and the travellers in the coach as their ſuite of ſervants and children. Madame D'Orimarre had, during the beginning of our journey, left to me the care of paying and ſettling every thing; but after a while ſhe took upon her the direction of the conveyance in which ſhe herſelf travelled; and I was glad to be relieved from any part of the fatigue.

We had now been ſome days on our way, The chaiſe had the advantage of us above eighteen hours; and I had little expectation we ſhould ſoon overtake it. The only horſes we could obtain were ſo exhauſted, and we were detained ſo long that it appeared almoſt impoſſible we could reach before night-fall the next poſt-houſe, which was ſix German leagues. It was the end of October; an almoſt inceſſant rain had deluged the roads; and the night was more boiſterous and ſtormy than any we had yet travelled in. My younger children were fatigued, and at length ſlept, notwithſtanding the roughneſs of the roads: but Edward, who ſaw that I was more than uſually alarmed and uneaſy, endeavoured to appeaſe my terrors. Dear boy! how did the mother's heart exult in the early promiſe of fortitude and manly tenderneſs! while the merit of my child made me look forward with tenfold anxiety,

and

and tremble more anxiously for the future.

On our arrival at the post-house, the present discomforts of our situation occupied all my thoughts. It was situated in the midst of a vast, uncultivated plain. We had passed, while it was yet light, two crosses raised on it, in memory of persons robbed and murdered on the road; and the house itself, large, old, and ruinous, seemed to be well adapted to the councils of the assassins under whose cruel hands they had fallen. Late as it was when we got thither, the aspect of the place, and the people about it, were visible enough, and indicated it to be the abode of ruffians. Some strange and hideous figures came to the door with lights; and the first to whom I addressed myself answered my enquiries by assuring me there was no lodging to be had: and such was the discouraging appearance of the place, that, fatigued as we were, I should have preferred going on to entering

ing it. This, however, was impoſſible, as no horſes were to be had; and while I yet ſpoke to the man who had approached the carriage, another, who had the appearance of a diſbanded ſoldier, and whoſe countenance was particularly fierce and ſavage, came up alſo to the window, ſaid ſomething to him in a low voice, which had an immediate effect; for changing his tone, he opened the door of the carriage, and told us we ſhould have room found for us, though the houſe was already quite full. I aſked for the gentleman who had preceded us, not imagining Mr. Wardenell, however indifferent, would have left us at ſuch a time. The man affected not to underſtand me. On further queſtion, however, I learnt from ſome ſqualid-looking women who came forward, that the travellers I deſcribed had only ſtopped for refreſhment the day before, and had then proceeded with freſh horſes; they had not even made any mention of thoſe who were to follow them,

or

or made any preparation for our accommodation, or beſpoke horſes that we might proceed.

While theſe women were anſwering my queſtions, Guilelmine had been ſhewn, with my children and ſervants, into a wretched place, not ſo good as the hovel that adjoins a cottage in England, and of which the leaſt offenſive circumſtance was, the immediate neighbourhood of pigs and other animals. Guilelmine told me, with evident marks of diſmay, that ſhe had been offered no other place to remain in but a ſort of kitchen, where ſeveral ill looking men were ſmoaking and drinking.

It is true that

"When the mind's free the body's delicate:"

ſo true, that at this moment I thought not either of fatigue or of the diſcomforts that awaited me. I felt nothing that merely affected myſelf; I was conſcious of my exiſtence only as neceſſary to my children; and I would willingly have remained in

this wretched hovel the whole night, could I, by any contrivance, have found a ſpot in it where they could have ſlept; but the rain drove through the wooden roof, the floor was of mud, and there was no poſſibility of making a fire. I dreaded therefore to expoſe my children to diſeaſe; and leaving them for a moment to the care of Guilelmine, I went out, to find, if poſſible, ſome other and leſs uncomfortable place, where they at leaſt might reſt.

I found one of the women I had before ſpoken to; and repreſenting the ſituation of my children, and the extreme anxiety I felt for them, I beſought her to obtain for me ſome room for the night where mattraſſes or ſtraw-beds might be lain on the floor, if better accommodations could not be had. While I ſpoke I did not fail to ſhew her that I had the means of rewarding her for any ſervice ſhe ſhould do me: but I obſerved that there was a peculiar expreſſion in the countenance of the woman while ſhe liſtened to me. After

ter ſome arguments, of which the promiſe of money was the moſt effectual, ſhe ſaid that there were ſome rooms in an old adjoining houſe, now rented by her maſter, and uſed as a ſort of ſtore for hay and corn; that nobody was much accuſtomed to ſleep there; but that I might, if I choſe it, occupy them for the night: there was in one of them a ſtove where a fire might be made.

I accepted this offer with avidity, gave the woman, who appeared to be only a ſervant, a preſent, which, from her manner of receiving it, was, I ſaw, above her expectations; and, returning to the hovel, I informed Guilelmine and my children of the advantageous change I hoped I had made, and beſought them to haſten and take poſſeſſion of a more tolerable place for the night.

The ſervant of the poſt-houſe preſently rejoined us, with a lamp and ſome wood for the ſtove. My own ſervant collected the remains of the repaſt I had ordered;

while I carried one of my younger children, and Guilelmine the other; and with Edward preceding us we followed our conductreſs. The dim lamp hardly ſufficed to ſhew us through a large half ruined room, where ſeveral men lay ſleeping on the broken pavement. We paſſed from thence, amidſt wind and rain, acroſs a kind of ſtable-yard, and entered another room, where I ſaw, ſitting round a ſtove, and playing at cards, ſix or eight men, who gave me at once the idea of a gang of aſſaſſins, ſuch as they are repreſented in Spaniſh or German ſtories: they wore old tattered uniforms that ſeemed to have belonged to various ſervices, and ſome had vaſt muſtachios, half hiding their faces. Two or three of theſe men turned towards us at our entrance, with looks from which Guilelmine and I, at the ſame moment, recoiled in terror. We paſſed on, however, becauſe we knew not how to go back: the men evidently remarked our fears; and ſaying ſomething to each other

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in a language I did not underſtand, burſt into a loud and rude laugh; and one of them riſing, was, I thought, approaching to inſult my ſervant, who was the laſt of our unprotected group. I bade the terrified girl go forward, and, aſſuming an air of conſequence, ſtopped and deſired the man, who had placed himſelf almoſt before me, to allow me to go on. With a look not eaſily conveyed by deſcription, the inſolent ſavage ſeemed to give up his purpoſe.—I paſſed him as quickly as I could, with my ſleeping child in my arms, and followed Guilelmine, who was ſlowly aſcending an old broken ſtair-caſe, where the boards ſeemed ready to give way under our feet. The woman with the lamp was already at the top, and held it over that I might ſee my way among ſome lumber which was piled on the landing-place. The light fell on an empty leather travelling trunk, the lid of which had been wreſted off, and it ſtood on one end. Letters painted on the other end

attracted my eyes; I read with aſtoniſhment and horror theſe words—"G. W. Fitz Euſtace, Berkely Square." It was the name and reſidence, as Guilelmine had told me, of her huſband. Alarmed as I already was by the appearance of the houſe and the perſons I had juſt ſeen, I was ſtruck with the apprehenſion that Fitz Euſtace, returning to Italy in purſuance of his promiſe, had loſt his life, probably by the hands of the very perſons who were now waiting to deſtroy us. The idea, which darted at once into my mind, appeared only more probable as I thought of it; and ſuch was the effect of this terrible ſuſpicion, that I with difficulty bore my infant in my arms to the top of the ſtairs, and ſtaggered into the forlorn apartment where Guilelmine was with my other two children. I ſaw fear and doubt on the expreſſive countenance of my friend; but I believed ſhe had not obſerved what had alarmed me, and which I knew muſt have driven her to deſpair. My fortitude, however,

however, which had hitherto reſiſted all the difficulties I had been expoſed to, now for a moment forſook me; while Guilelmine and my lovely Edward, who ſaw that I was very likely to faint, exerted themſelves to conſole me; and my friend tried to forget that ſhe ſuffered any thing herſelf, while ſhe lamented that ſhe had unfortunately been the means of my having known Madame D'Orimarre. "Had it not been for that woman," ſaid ſhe, you would not have been thus deſerted. I ſhall never forgive myſelf; and only goodneſs like yours could look upon me without reſentment and even abhorrence." I endeavoured to aſſure her that no blame attached to her in my opinion, and that the ſource of my calamities lay deeper than any connection with Madam D'Orimarre; but the fears that now aſſailed me were ſo overwhelming, that I could not articulate; and only the neceſſity of attending to the helpleſs little beings that depended upon me, could have rouſed me from the

torpor of deſpair and horror. As I contrived the miſerable temporary beds on which my wearied infants were to repoſe, I ſeemed to be placing them on their tombs. It was, however, ſome relief to alleviate their fatigue, and ſee them aſleep. Edward abſolutely refuſed to attempt to reſt unleſs I would do ſo too. I could not ſleep, nor account to him and Guilelmine for my unwillingneſs to attempt it. Guilelmine looked round her with dread: the room we were in, as well as the perſons we had paſſed, impreſſed her with the apprehenſions that our lives were in extreme hazard; and though the object which had ſo greatly increaſed my alarm had eſcaped her, ſhe entertained ſuſpicion of another deſcription, equally terrible. I afterwards found that, ſeeing me and my children abandoned in ſuch a place by Mr. Wardenell, Guilelmine believed Madam D'Orimarre had carried her deſigns to the laſt exceſs of atrocity, and had prevailed on the infatuated man whom

whom she now entirely governed, to consign us to inevitable death by the poignards of robbers and murderers, that on her arrival in England she might establish herself as his wife. In proportion as Guilelmine became attached to me, she felt abhorrence towards those whom she considered as the cause of my anxiety and distress; and irritated by the reflection, that to my kindness to her had been owing this unfortunate connection with Madame D'Orimarre, her naturally generous and ingenuous mind was carried to conjectures against Mr. Wardenell and his companion, that were as tormenting to her as what I had seen was to me. Never, perhaps, did any unhappy beings pass more wretched hours than those we were now to endure. I summoned all my resolution; and recommending myself, and the innocent group around me, to the protection of Providence, I sat down on the straw, near my two sleeping children, observing a profound silence, except when

I renewed my intreaties to Guilelmine and my poor ſervant, Beatrice, to ſhare the humble couch of my little ones, and endeavour to take ſome repoſe; for though I expected nothing but the entrance of the murderers, who, I was perſuaded, were waiting for their prey, I thought I could urge my mind to endurance of whatever was to befal me better if I was allowed time to reflect, than while I ſaw fear and deſpondence marked on the countenances, and liſtened to the anxious queſtions, of creatures, who were all entitled either to my love or my pity. Guilelmine, though overcome with fatigue, refuſed to ſleep while I watched; but ſhe ſat down near me, and obſerved a profound ſilence. Beatrice, who did not feel the ſame ſolicitude as we did, ſoon ſunk to that heavy and unconſcious ſtate which I have ſo often envied when I have ſeen ſervants and people of the humbler claſſes of ſociety enjoy it; while Edward, who had thrown himſelf down at my feet, and reſted his head

head on my lap, was, in deſpite of his reſolution, ſoon in quiet ſlumber.

I was as ignorant of the apprehenſions entertained by Guilelmine as to the machinations of Madame D'Orimarre, as ſhe was of thoſe I had been ſeized with; but I now ſaw her liſtening to every noiſe, and ſtarting in uncontroulable terror every time the wind moved the old broken ſhutters of the diſmantled windows, and looking in wild affright towards the door, when the ſame cauſe made it ſhake on its ruſty hinges.

Some time paſſed, however, without my finding any farther cauſe of alarm. My watch told the melancholy hours; and I thought, with ſome little relief to my ſpirits, that it could not be very long before day-light would appear. The ſtorm which had raged with violence during the greater part of the laſt four and twenty hours, had now ſubſided; and hardly a murmur was heard. I laid my ſleeping boy, as gently as I could, on the ſtraw with the other two, and ſtepped lightly to

the window, where, putting by the broken board that had ſerved for a ſhutter, I looked out, in hopes of ſeeing the firſt faint dawn of morning: but all was impenetrable darkneſs; and I could hardly diſtinguiſh the outline of ſome buildings oppoſite, reſembling barns, or ſheds for cattle. While I yet watched ſilently at the window, Guilelmine ſtarted up—"Ah!" cried ſhe, "they are coming!—they are coming—I hear them!"—Fearful of aſking her who were coming, I liſtened in ſilence, and certainly I did think I heard footſteps moving as if cautiouſly along the paſſage and up the old ſtaircaſe, which cracked under the weight of the aſcendants. "Yes, they are indeed coming," ſaid I to myſelf: "but who, or what, and wherefore do they come? Can our lives, the lives of theſe innocent creatures, be their object?" and we have little, very little elſe to loſe."—The ſenſe of the deſolate condition of my children, and the cruel deſertion of their father,

father, added to the fear of ſeeing them periſh before my eyes, now ſtruck me ſo forcibly that I could not ſpeak; but holding the cold trembling hand of Guilelmine, I watched and liſtened in breathleſs apprehenſions. The light footſteps were ſtill heard, and, I thought, a low whiſper. The iron bolt of the door was ſlowly, ſlowly moved; and again I heard a very low murmuring noiſe. Now then the murderers had determined on coming in. A fearful pauſe enſued! Our eyes were fixed on the door, which was, indeed, little more than a few boards, nailed together, and would have yielded to the ſlighteſt effort from without.—Again we heard the creaking of the ſtairs; but the ſounds became leſs diſtinct, and were loſt in diſtance; whoever it was had left the door:—but they might return. The reſpite, however, (for as ſuch only I could conſider it,) gave me time to recall my troubled ſpirits. I began to hope that into whatever hands we had fallen, it could not be the intention

of

of theſe people to take the lives of perſons ſo little able, ſo little diſpoſed to reſiſt; and collecting from Guilelmine all the trinkets ſhe had about her, adding to them Edward's watch, and whatever I poſſeſſed of value; I conſidered what I ſhould ſay, and how I might deprecate the cruelty that I feared. In the mean time all was quiet; there was another longer interval of ſilence; and it was at length broken only by the welcome noiſes of the ſparrows that build round out-houſes, and of the domeſtic fowls greeting the firſt faint appearance of day: but *I* did not yet diſcover that which awakened them; and never ſurely did a night appear ſo long—never was night paſſed more miſerably.

The dawn of morning glimmered at length in our wretched room; and my fears, in a great degree, ſubſided. The air, cold and cheerleſs as every object was around me, refreſhed my exhauſted ſpirits; I ſpoke cheerfully to my ſtill wakeful friend, and tried to give her courage. My children

children and ſervant ſtill ſlept; and I determined to go down myſelf, procure ſome refreſhment againſt they awoke, and endeavour to ſecure horſes to proceed on our journey. I was now almoſt aſhamed of my fears of the preceding night, and tried to believe that the noiſes we had heard exiſted only in the imagination, diſtorted by terror. Thus armed with momentary reſolution, I tried to perſuade myſelf that the trunk with the name of Fitz Euſtace marked on it, which had appeared ſo terrific to my imagination, might have been found where I ſaw it, without having come thither by the means I apprehended. Fitz Euſtace had travelled very frequently on the Continent; he or a ſervant might have left it, by ſome of thoſe chances which happen to travellers. Such were my thoughts as I began to deſcend the ſtair-caſe: I ſought the trunk among the lumber where I had ſeen it the night before; but it was gone. I own my doubts then returned; and

and I went on in new alarm—an alarm which was increaſed by ſeeing, in a ſort of doorway at the foot of the ſtairs, a man wrapped in an horſeman's cloak, which was drawn cloſe up to his face. As I approached, he receded. I turned as I paſſed the entrance of the paſſage where he had ſtood; and though it was nearly dark I ſaw that he was ſtill there, though I could not ſee his figure. I proceeded, not without ſome doubts of my way, and with ſtill greater dread of paſſing through the room where ſo many ruffian-like figures had been aſſembled the night before.

It was yet only the twilight of morning, and the paſſages were dark. I went on, my fears gaining upon me every moment; when ſome one ſtepped haſtily after me, and I was ſtopped by a perſon who gently took my arm. I uttered an involuntary ſhriek, and felt that terror was depriving me of all recollection, when I was re-aſſured by theſe words:—"Forgive

give me, madam; and tell me, I intreat you, if your name be not Wardenell?"

"Allow me to enquire," ſaid I, "who aſks the queſtion?" "My name," anſwered the ſtranger, "is Fitz Euſtace:—is not my wife here? Am I not ſpeaking to her friend, Mrs. Wardenell?"

The ſudden tranſition from apprehenſion to joy was, for a moment, too much for me. Fitz Euſtace led me to a ſeat; and we ſoon entered into an explanation to our mutual ſatisfaction. It required ſome management to break to Guilelmine her unexpected happineſs. It was, however, a taſk I willingly undertook; and ſucceeded in it ſo well that Guilelmine was ſoon able to liſten to the explanation her huſband gave of the cauſes which had ſo long detained him from her. I need only relate that he had been many months in captivity, having been taken as an Engliſhman by the French, and ſent to a priſon on the frontiers, from whence he was, after a conſiderable time had elapſed, exchanged,

changed, and was purſuing his way through Germany to Italy, when he fell in with a motly party of Auſtrians and Pruſſians, by whom he was treated a ſecond time as an enemy, on another pretence—that he was an Engliſhman in the intereſt of France; though they appeared little ſolicitous under what pretence they plundered him of every thing with which he had hitherto eſcaped. While he was yet travelling as a priſoner, in a ſomewhat perilous ſituation, with theſe men, they were joined by another party; and the commander of them, who was collecting a body of men to carry to the Auſtrian army, was a young man of faſhion, formerly known to Fitz Euſtace at Berlin. "By him," ſaid Fitz Euſtace, "I was immediately acknowledged, and releaſed from the unpleaſant reſtraint I had been under; but as I ſhould have been again liable to meet with the ſame miſadventures, my friend adviſed me to accompany him to head-quarters; and I was convinced

convinced that, however it might delay my return to Guilelmine, there was otherwiſe conſiderable riſk that I ſhould not ſee her at all. I wrote, therefore, to account for my abſence, and aſſure her of my ſafety, though I have the mortification to underſtand that my letters never were received.

When I had obtained a renewal of letters of credit from England, I took advantage of the journey of two officers for Vienna, eſcorted by a ſmall party of Auſtrian huſſars, as one of whom my friend adviſed me to appear. Yeſterday we met an Engliſh gentleman, accompanied by a French lady, who, addreſſing herſelf to the commander of the party, beſought him to grant her the protection of four or five men againſt the perils her companion apprehended on the way. Of her own fears ſhe made light, and indeed appeared to be one of that amazonian race of women who are perfectly able to take care of themſelves. It was not in the

power

power of the commanding officer to ſpare any of his men; but to ſatisfy the lady, or rather the gentleman, he ſigned a ſort of paſſport, or protection, directing that they ſhould both paſs unmoleſted. While this was going on, one of the eſcort, who underſtood Engliſh, entered into converſation with the valet de chambre; it however appeared by his anſwers that he was a Frenchman. From this converſation I heard that there was another part of the family on the road, and that the traveller was a Mr. Wardenell, which I inſtantly recollected was the name which Guilelmine had mentioned in one of her letters as that of the Engliſh friend under whoſe protection ſhe had, in ſome degree, placed herſelf. But when I queſtioned the man with eagerneſs, and intreated him to inform me where Mrs. Wardenell was, and if my wife was with her, he evaded my queſtions, while his manners ſeemed ſo ſingular that I turned to his maſter and the lady who accompanied him. But

from

from them I could obtain no ſatisfaction whatever; they were either afraid or aſhamed of anſwering my queſtion directly. A ſomewhat ſharp dialogue paſſed between us; from which I gained no intelligence. I then haſtened forward, not without an hope of meeting the lady to whom Guilelmine had been ſo much obliged, and of obtaining the information I ſo earneſtly deſired. Laſt night I came late to this place, and was ſtruck with the ſuſpicious looks of the men that filled ſeveral rooms of the houſe; for they greatly reſembled the ruffians by whom I had been detained and robbed near two months ſince; and I even thought I recollected the face of one of them. The party to which I belonged were now come in. I had employed the intermediate time in ſuch enquiries as I thought might lead to the diſcovery I moſt anxiouſly deſired; but an air of myſtery was viſible in the women I queſtioned: they ſeemed very deſirous

deſirous of perſuading me, as well as the reſt of the party, that they had no room where we could even ſit up conveniently for the night; yet they refuſed to ſay what gueſts they had, or who occupied the houſe. Some very irreſiſtible arguments, from the commander of the party, at length induced theſe people to ſhew us a room, from whence ſeven or eight very ill-looking fellows were driven, when we took poſſeſſion. I found, by queſtioning the poſtilions, and other men who were loitering about, that ſome Engliſh ladies and children had been ſet down at this poſt-houſe the preceding night; and I could not help believing theſe were the friends of Guilelmine, if ſhe herſelf was not among them. Impreſſed with this idea, yet apprehenſive of alarming them, I was determined that I would try to ſee the ſtrangers; as I was ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with the notion that Guilelmine was one of them, and that I ſhould know Mrs. War-

Wardenell by a ſort of inſtinctive feeling, from the manner in which my wife had ſpoken of her.

With this intention I came with as little noiſe as poſſible to the door of the room where I learned this little defenceleſs party had found a temporary ſhelter; but I was afraid of alarming them, and could only ſee, very indiſtinctly, a woman watching over her ſleeping children, but ſo wrapped up to ſecure her from the evident inconveniences of her ſituation, that I could not gueſs at her figure. Any one who reſembled Guilelmine I could not diſcover."

The noiſe which had alarmed us during the night was now ſufficiently accounted for. Fitz Euſtace thus proceeded:

Having failed in this attempt to aſcertain whether my wife was under the ſame roof with me, I determined to wait till morning. As ſoon as it dawned I placed myſelf where I knew I muſt ſee any perſon who deſcended. When I beheld Mrs.

Mrs. Wardenell I hesitated no more; I was sure, from her countenance and manner, that it was the generous friend to whom I owe more than life—the preservation of my Guilelmine.

We now no longer found any difficulty in procuring horses; and our next stage brought us into a more comfortable situation, which happened very fortunately, as I was so overcome with what I had suffered, that I could no longer struggle against the illness it had brought on; and I was compelled to remain two days; on the last of which, Mr. Renfield, whom I had almost ceased to expect, or even to think of, made his appearance.

He affected to explain, at great length, the causes which had prevented his joining us before, which were principally, as he declared, those that related to Mr. Wardenell's affairs, of which he insisted on giving

giving me an account. I liſtened, though he might eaſily perceive that I affixed no conſequence to his narrative, and felt little gratitude for the great exertions he pretended to have made for my intereſt: to ſay the truth, I did not believe one word of all theſe profeſſions, conceiving it to be impoſſible that he could not have influenced Mr. Wardenell to act otherwiſe than he had done: nor was it in my power to forget that this ill-fated expedition, which had added to my diſtreſſes, and accelerated the ruin of my children, was originally planned by Mr. Renfield.

Since, however, our travelling together was now inevitable, I forbore to expreſs all I felt, and ſummoned all the fortitude and ſtrength of mind yet left me, that I might once more reach England with my children.

Guilelmine, in having met her huſband and protector, was far from feeling any diminution of the gratitude and affection ſhe bore me: indeed ſhe appeared to be

more ſenſible than ever of my friendſhip, and expreſſed it with a ſweetneſs and ſimplicity that yet more endeared her to me.

She conſulted me on the plans Fitz Euſtace had formed for her remaining concealed in England till his father, now very far advanced in life, could be informed of and reconciled to his marriage; and for this deſirable end he was aſſured of the good offices of his ſiſter, and an uncle who now held a military command in Ireland, but who had promiſed to engage warmly in his ſervice as ſoon as he reached England. Guilelmine was indifferent to every thing but the felicity of her huſband; the rank ſhe was to hold in ſociety, or the fortune ſhe was to ſhare, made no part of her purpoſed happineſs; but when ſhe was alone with me ſhe wept in ſpeaking of one circumſtance, which would too probably embitter her future days. Felicien had parted with his friend at Bruges, determining again to throw himſelf into the republican army

of

of France; and ſince their ſeparation Fitz Euſtace had never heard of him, notwithſtanding his ſolemn promiſes to write to him by every poſſible occaſion; nor could the repeated enquiries of his friend obtain the leaſt information as to his ſubſequent fate.

This circumſtance, and my unfortunate ſituation, embittered the happineſs of Guilelmine: but who has ever taſted it without alloy! and how rare and fragile is felicity!

As to myſelf, the events I have been relating made a conſiderable alteration in my preſent ſtate; but the future was ſtill dark, and I trembled to look forwards. My children were apparently abandoned by their father; and I knew not whether, on our arrival in England, I ſhould have ſhelter or food for them.

At all events I was compelled, in the interim, to be obliged to Fitz Euſtace, who ſeemed to think there was nothing he could do that would ſufficiently teſtify

the obligations he owed me on behalf of his wife. There are people to whom a generous mind is not ſhocked at owing an obligation. Of this deſcription was Fitz Euſtace; but with Mr. Renfield I felt myſelf to be very differently ſituated; and I abſolutely refuſed to be indebted to him for any part of the pecuniary aſſiſtance which I was compelled to accept for the completion of my journey.

This was, I found, highly reſented by Mr. Renfield: he endeavoured, or ſeemed to endeavour, for ſome time, to conceal his diſpleaſure; and vented his indignation in half ſentences, and oblique inſinuations. At length he found, very much againſt my inclination, an opportunity of being alone with me; and told me what I had ſometimes ſuſpected, but oftener doubted; that he had long felt a paſſion for me, and could no longer affect to conceal it, or ſuffer me to appear ignorant of what he was ſure I muſt long ſince have perceived. Indignation at this decla-

declaration, of which the inſolence was increaſed by the circumſtances I was under, deprived me for a moment of the power of ſpeech. I ſoon found words, however, to aſſure him of my contempt of his character and conduct, and to declare to him that this ſhould be the laſt opportunity he ſhould ever have to inſult me. He then enquired of me whether I had ever ſeriouſly believed that he had given up ſo much of his time to ſo wretched a being as Wardenell with any other view than to be in my company, and to recommend himſelf to me. To this I anſwered, that I had always believed his intentions were to fill his purſe at the expence of the unfortunate man on whom he had faſtened himſelf, and whoſe follies he had encouraged. With the ſucceſs of that honeſt ſcheme I adviſed him to be content; and with ſo much aſperity did I ſpeak, that I flattered myſelf he would be ſo exaſperated as to leave me, and ſuffer me to purſue my journey without him. This,

however, he was too obſtinate and determined to do. He ſaw how greatly his preſence muſt embarraſs me, while it was impoſſible for me to ſeparate myſelf from him entirely, without explaining to Fitz Euſtace my reaſons for inſiſting upon it, which he knew I ſhould, on many accounts, be extremely unwilling to do.

It would be difficult to deſcribe how greatly Mr. Renfield's conduct towards me increaſed the diſcomforts of the remainder of our journey, otherwiſe diſtreſſing enough: but I will not dwell upon the particular inconveniences that we had to encounter. At length we embarked at Oſtend, and landed at Harwich. I would then have conveyed my children and myſelf, by the cheapeſt conveyance, to London; but Fitz Euſtace inſiſted on our partaking a leſs fatiguing conveyance; and I ſoon ſaw myſelf once more in London, without knowing where Mr. Wardenell was, whither I was to go, or how I was to be ſupported.

An

An obſcure lodging, kept by an old ſervant of my father's, occurred to me. Thither I went with my three children, abſolutely refuſing to ſhare the expenſive abode of my friends. I adviſed them to haſten, as ſoon as poſſible, to execute their ſcheme of concealing Guilelmine in the country till the friends who had undertaken to mediate between them and the elder Mr. Fitz Euſtace, ſhould be able to effect a reconciliation. It was not, however, without very great reluctance that, after remaining three days in London, they conſented to leave me.

Thoſe days I had employed in endeavouring, though without ſucceſs, to gain ſome intelligence of Mr. Wardenell, of whom I had only learned on the road that he and his companion had reached England by one of the packets of the preceding week. I might, after ſo cruel a deſertion, have been juſtified in quitting for ever a man who was guilty of it: but I had learned that in a rigid adherence to duty

there is a ſatisfaction which blunts the ſharpeſt arrows of adverſity; the ſtricteſt line of duty I therefore reſolved, at whatever price, to obſerve, and not to ſeparate myſelf from Mr. Wardenell but at his own deſire, and under thoſe forms which on ſuch unhappy occaſions are obſerved.

It is probable that Mr. Renfield had means of much better intelligence than I had; for on the day I had parted from Fitz Euſtace and Guilelmine, he aſked admittance, which I granted only on his aſſuring me, by letter, that he had ſomething to inform me of relative to Mr. Wardenell.

After all I had already ſeen and ſuffered, I was more afflicted than ſurpriſed to learn that Mr. Wardenell had, two days after his arrival in London, been arreſted for a conſiderable ſum of money, and was now in the houſe of a ſheriff's officer. Madame D'Orimarre had left him, but not, as Mr. Renfield believed, till ſhe had poſſeſſed herſelf

herſelf of every thing worth taking that he had left; ſuch as his watches, a diamond buckle, a gold box, and other trinkets of ſome value. I found that his quondam friend, Mr. Renfield, had ſeen him, and that he had confeſſed this to him, though he ſaid that Madame D'Orimarre had charged herſelf with theſe things only to preſerve and reſtore them at ſome happier period.

How that period was ever to arrive it was not very eaſy to ſay. Mr. Renfield, after new proteſtations of unalterable attachment to me, aſſured me that, though the ſum was conſiderable, he would be ſecurity for him if another friend could be found to join him in it. My heart revolted from an obligation to a man who had already ſo cruelly aggravated the evils of adverſity by inſult; and I anſwered his profeſſions with coldneſs, though I did not think myſelf authoriſed to refuſe his offer, if he was indeed ſincere.

As ſoon as I was alone, and had time to reflect on what was to be done, I determined to go to the place whither Mr. Wardenell's unhappy infatuation had at length conducted him. My little Edward was my companion in this melancholy viſit. Mr. Wardenell ſeemed to have forgotten already the cauſe I had to reproach him for his having abandoned me and his children at a moment when we ſo greatly needed protection; and I did not reproach him. He thought of nothing but how I could contribute to his releaſe; and ſeemed to think I ought to ſet about it with as much zeal as if he had been the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands, whom misfortune only had brought into diſtreſs and confinement.

Though I ſaw the matter in a very different light, it was not in my nature to forſake any one in the hour of affliction. The concern with which my Edward ſaw his father when he underſtood he was a priſoner, ſuſpended every expreſſion of reſent-

reſentment for my own injuries and my children's. I did not even name Madame D'Orimarre, or appear to recollect the folly and injuſtice I had ſo recently ſuffered from. Yet I do not aſſume much merit from this. I had been for ſome years accuſtomed to conſider Mr. Wardenell as much the object of pity as blame; for he was incapable of diſtinguiſhing good from evil; and all I could do was to palliate what I could not cure, and endure what my duty forbade me to fly from.

I left the diſmal temporary priſon where the luckleſs man was, only to prepare myſelf, by a night of reſt, if I could obtain it, for the exertions of the next day: and as ſoon as there was any chance of being admitted to the buſy and the rich, who had the power to ſerve me, I began my circle of ſolicitation among thoſe who had once been the friends of his father, or under obligations to his family.

O that I had the power to impreſs on the young and thoughtleſs, who are ſo little aware

aware of the conſequences of their idle waſte, how bitter is the taſk of ſoliciting favours; and how mortifying the cold repulſe and the arrogant advice of moſt of thoſe who can grant them. I could give you, my dear Sophy, a long, long detail of all I attempted, and of my ſad failures, till I began wholly to deſpair, and ſaw nothing but a perpetual priſon for Mr. Wardenell, and the extreme of indigence for his children. At length, however, an old merchant, diſtantly related to his family, and formerly connected in trade with his father, was moved by my prayers and the ſight of my children, particularly Edward, whoſe godfather he was; and he generouſly agreed to pay the debt, on condition that Mr. Wardenell ſhould retire to ſome cheap part of England, relinquiſh his wild projects, and ſeriouſly endeavour to retrieve his affairs, and provide for his family; all which he promiſed to do. At the ſame time, a female friend of my own, who was now the wife of a man high

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in Adminiſtration, obtained for Mr. Wardenell an appointment in Ireland: and thither we immediately repaired, our immediate want of money being in a great degree relieved by a liberal ſupply from Fitz Euſtace, who, happily reconciled to his father, and more than ever devoted to his lovely wife, declared that he could not enjoy his happineſs, if, while the friend to whom he owed the preſervation of Guilelmine, (for ſo he conſidered what I had done for her,) was in embarraſſment and diſtreſs.

It is unneceſſary to relate at length the unfortunate miſmanagement by which Mr. Wardenell loſt the appointment in Ireland, and engaged in new ſchemes, in which he was ſo little qualified to ſucceed, that he was ſoon obliged to ſave himſelf by flight, leaving me and his children in the perilous ſituation from which we were, as you have heard, relieved only by the ſingular interpoſition of Heaven.

Here,

Here, my dear Sophy, ends for the preſent the diſaſtrous hiſtory of your unfortunate friend.

And is not Leonora worthy of all that I and every human being can do for her? Oh, yes; you will yourſelf become her friend: your ſcepticiſm, in regard to female virtue and excellence, will fade before the glories of ſuch a mind. She has forborne to tell of Mr. Renfield's continued admiration, of which, however, her friend, Mrs. Weſterhall, has been well informed, and that he has proved at leaſt the aſcendancy of virtue, by bearing teſtimony to her excellence, though amidſt all her diſtreſſes ſhe has repulſed and contemned him. Nor has ſhe ſpoken much of her ſufferings from the perpetual and invidious jealouſy with which Wardenell has perſecuted her, even while ſhe was labouring to remedy the evils he was continually bringing upon his connections, and

and placed in ſituations which required the utmoſt exertion of patience and fortitude. Nor was this all; a thouſand of thoſe contrivances by which ſenſibility is inſulted, and delicacy wounded, were continually practiſed to torment and diſtreſs her; while Renfield, to whom Wardenell ſcrupled not to be obliged, continually, though ſilently, made a merit with Mrs. Wardenell of his diſburſements and his ſervices; yet ſometimes Wardenell became extremely jealous of his friend, and of every man whom Leonora had occaſion to ſee. Edward was almoſt always with his mother: he ſcrupled not to betray even to this child the miſtruſt which, it is probable, a conviction of his own unworthineſs alone could have excited. But altogether her ſituation was ſo extremely miſerable that only the ſuperiority of her mind, her affection for her children, and her truſt in heaven could have enabled her to ſuſtain it. When it was decided that it was eligible

to

to go to Ireland, it was then alſo ſettled that Edward ſhould remain in England; and Leonora yielded to this ſad privation, becauſe the future welfare of this beloved boy was dearer to her than her own gratification. But in that ſhe was diſappointed from the irregularity of Mr. Wardenell; and many months of her life were rendered wretched by her total ignorance as to the fate of the being who is ſo deſervedly precious to her. You know that I was a fortunate inſtrument in reſtoring the ſon to his mother.

Where Mr. Wardenell now is, his family do not know; but ſuch was his conduct and diſpoſition before their laſt ſeparation, that Leonora appears to be at length determined to confine herſelf wholly to the care of her children. In conſequence of the death of the elder Mr. Fitz Euſtace, his ſon and Guilelmine found themſelves at liberty to return to the Continent, in the hope of diſcovering whether Felicien de Mortivalle has eſcaped the fate by which

which ſo many have fallen during the unprecedented conteſt of the laſt nine years. Gertrude and her huſband are alſo there; and every purpoſe of œconomy and comfort to Leonora and her children would be anſwered, could ſhe follow thither connections ſo dear to her. The friend of her early youth, Mrs. Weſterhall, has no attachments in England that have hold enough of her affections to deter her from accompanying Leonora and her children. Their plan therefore ſeems to be to leave England in about ſix weeks.

When all theſe perſons, for whom I feel ſo lively an intereſt, are on the *other* ſide of the water; and when to theſe attractions is added my unconquerable love of rambling, it is not perhaps very probable that I ſhall long remain on this ſide: yet you will tell me I go only to ſee and ſay that which I have ſeen and ſaid before; and remind me that, after all, we ſhall repeat, as we have often repeated, *Vanitas vanitatum, atque omnia vanitas.* Re-

ſerve, however, your farther remonſtrances till we meet, which will certainly be before I take my final reſolution. Till then, farewell!

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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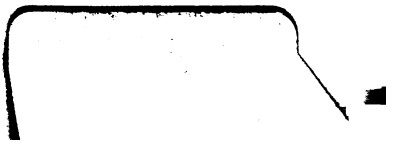
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